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REVIEWS

Memoirs of Count Lavallette. Written by Himself. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

WE had intended to treat this work after the established fashion—first, to give a critical opinion on its merit, and then make a selection of such anecdotes and incidents as were most likely to interest our readers; but no sooner had we reached the second volume than the charm of Madame Lavallette's name, the romance of the one great incident in her life, and her melancholy fate, overthrew our resolution; we forgot our criticisms and our character—thought no more of Bonaparte or the Bourbons, or the French revolution, or the campaigns in Egypt—we put aside all our notes and memorandums, and determined at once to abridge the *authentic* narrative here given of the extraordinary escape of Lavallette through the generous and heroic self-devotion of that most amiable woman—and we have no doubt our readers will be well content to accept it in exchange for a little critical tediousness.

There is, however, one incident with which we must introduce the narrative, but it is no less intimately connected with the subject than the courtship of the parties. We are accustomed to wonder at the happiness that is known to follow the chance marriages which prevail among some religious sects, where husband and wife are brought together by lot, and first see one another after their union is determined on; but the marriage of Lavallette and his wife seems to have been such another accident of fortune.

"One day," he observes, "when I had accompanied Bonaparte to the Treasury, to expedite the sending off of the sums that were required at Toulon for the fleet, he ordered his coachman to drive along the new Boulevards that he might have at his leisure a conversation with me. 'I cannot make a major of you,' he said: 'I must therefore give you a wife;—you shall marry Emilie de Beauharnais. She is very handsome, and very well educated. Do you know her?'—'I have seen her twice. But, General, I have no fortune. We are going to Africa: I may be killed—what will become, in that case, of my poor widow? Besides, I have no great liking for marriage.'—'Men must marry to have children—that is the chief aim of life. Killed you certainly may be. Well, in that case she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp—of a defender of his country. She will have a pension, and may again marry advantageously. Now, she is the daughter of an emigrant that nobody will have: my wife cannot introduce her into society. She, poor girl! deserves a better fate. Come, this business must be quickly settled. Talk this morning with Mad. Bonaparte about it: the mother has already given her consent. The wedding shall take place in eight days; I will allow you a fortnight for your honeymoon. You must then come and join us at Toulon on

the 29th.' (It was then the 9th.) I could not help laughing all the while he spoke: at last I said, 'I will do whatever you please. But will the girl have me? I do not wish to force her inclinations.'—'She is tired of her boarding-school, and she would be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's. During your absence, she shall live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed; and you will find her when you come back. Come, come! the thing is settled. Tell the coachman to drive home.'

"In the evening I went to see Mad. Bonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to show some satisfaction, and call me her nephew. 'To-morrow,' she said, 'we shall all go to St. Germain. I will introduce you to my niece. You will be delighted with her: she is a charming girl!'

"Accordingly, next day, the General, Mad. Bonaparte, Eugene, and I, went in an open carriage to St. Germain, and stopped at Mad. Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding-school: all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlours, or in the courtyard, for they had obtained a holiday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies, I sought anxiously her who was to be my wife. Her cousin, Hortense, led her to us, that she might salute the General, and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant; her features were charming; and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great that the General could not help laughing at her; but he went no farther. It was decided that we should breakfast on the grass in the garden. In the mean while I felt extremely uneasy. Would she like me? Would she obey without reluctance? This abrupt marriage, and this speedy departure, grieved me. When we got up, and the circle was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a solitary walk. I joined them, and he left us. I then entered on the delicate subject. I made no secret of my birth, nor of my want of fortune; and added—'I possess nothing in the world but my sword, and the good-will of the General; and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I feel myself disposed to love you with all my soul; but that is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me; it will not be difficult to find a pretext to break it off. I shall depart; you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret.'

"While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand. I embraced her. We returned slowly to the company; and eight days afterwards we went to the municipality. The following day, a poor priest who had not taken the oaths, married us in the small convent of the Conception, in the Rue St. Honoré. This was in some manner forbidden, but Emilie set a great importance on that point: her piety was gentle and sincere." ii. 302—7.

The trial of Lavallette is well known; and though every line and word relating to it is

full of interest, we must, confined as we are in space, pass it over, with many other interesting particulars. It was only when all hope of pardon had ceased, and when but a few hours of life remained to him that his wife first disclosed the project by which she hoped to effect his escape:—

"My wife came at six o'clock to dine with me. She brought with her a relation, Mademoiselle Dubourg. When we were alone, she said: 'It appears but too certain that we have nothing to hope; we must therefore, my dear, take a resolution, and this is what I propose to you. At eight o'clock you shall go out dressed in my clothes, and accompanied by my cousin. You shall step into my sedan chair, which will carry you to the Rue des St. Peres, where you will find M. Baudus with a cabriolet, who will conduct you to a retreat he has prepared for you, and where you may await, without danger, a favourable opportunity of leaving France.'

"I listened to her and looked at her in silence. Her manner was calm, and her voice firm. She appeared so convinced of the success of her plan, that it was some time before I dared to reply. I looked, however, upon the whole as a mad undertaking. I was at last obliged to tell her so; but she interrupted me at the first word by saying: 'I will hear of no objections. I die if you die. Do not therefore reject my plan. I know it will succeed. I feel that God supports me!' * * * 'What will they do,' I said, 'when they discover that I am gone? These brutes, in their blind rage, will they not forget themselves and perhaps strike you?' I was going on, but I soon saw, by the paleness of her countenance and the movements of convulsive impatience that were beginning to agitate her, that I ought to put an end to all objections. I remained silent for a few minutes, at the end of which I continued thus: 'Well, then, I shall do as you please; but if you want to succeed, permit me to make at least one observation. The cabriolet is too far off. I shall be scarcely gone when my flight will be discovered, and I shall most undoubtedly be stopped in the chair, for near an hour is required to go to the Rue des St. Peres. I cannot escape on foot with your clothes.' This reflection seemed to strike her. 'Change,' I added, 'that part of your plan. The whole of to-morrow is still at our disposal: I promise to do to-morrow all you wish.'—'Well, you are in the right. I will have the cabriolet stationed near. Give me your word that you will obey me, for that is our last resource.' I took her hand and answered: 'I will do all you wish, and in the manner you wish it. This promise made her easy, and we separated.' ii. 329—31.

On the next day, when his wife came she was accompanied by her daughter:—

"She was dressed in a pelisse of merino richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to put on over her light dress on leaving a ball room. She had taken in her reticule a black silk petticoat. 'This is quite sufficient,' she said, 'to disguise you completely.' She then sent my daughter to the window, and added in a low voice, 'At seven o'clock precisely you must be ready; all is well prepared. In going out

you will take hold of Josephine's arm. Take care to walk very slowly; and when you cross the large registering-room, you will put on my gloves and cover your face with my handkerchief. I had some thoughts of putting on a veil, but unfortunately I have not been accustomed to wear one when I come here; it is therefore of no use to think of it. Take great care, when you pass under the doors, which are very low, not to break the feathers of your bonnet, for then all would be lost. I always find the turnkeys in the registering-room, and the jailer generally hands me to my chair, which constantly stands near the entrance door; but this time it will be in the yard, at the top of the grand staircase. There you will be met after a short time by M. Baudus, who will lead you to the cabriolet, and will acquaint you with the place where you are to remain concealed. Afterwards, let God's will be done, my dear. Do exactly all I tell you. Remain calm. Give me your hand, I wish to feel your pulse. Very well. Now feel mine. Does it denote the slightest emotion? I could perceive that she was in a high fever. 'But above all things,' she added, 'let us not give way to our feelings, that would be our ruin.' * * *

"She then called my daughter and said to her, 'Listen attentively, child, to what I am going to say to you, for I shall make you repeat it. I shall go away this evening at seven o'clock instead of eight; you must walk behind me, because you know that the doors are narrow; but when we enter the long registering-room, take care to place yourself on my left hand. The jailer is accustomed to offer me his arm on that side, and I do not choose to take it. When we are out of the iron gate, and ready to go up the outside staircase, then pass to my right hand, that those impertinent gendarmes of the guard-house may not stare in my face as they always do. Have you understood me well? The child repeated the instructions with wonderful exactness. * * *

"Dinner was at last brought up. Just as we were going to sit down to table, an old nurse of ours, Madame Dutoit, who had accompanied Josephine, came in very ill. * * * Far from being useful to us, the poor woman only added to our confusion. She might lose her presence of mind at the sight of my disguise; but what was to be done? The first object was to make her cease her moanings, and Emilie said to her in a low but firm voice, 'No childishness. Sit down to table, but do not eat; hold your tongue, and keep this smelling-bottle to your nose. In less than an hour you will be in the open air.'

"This meal, which, to all appearance, was to be the last of my life, was terrible. The bits stopped in our throats; not a word was uttered by any of us, and in that situation we were to pass almost an hour. Six and three-quarters struck at last. 'I only want five minutes, but I must speak to Bonneville,' said Madame de Lavallette. She pulled the bell, and the valet-de-chambre came in; she took him aside, whispered a few words to him, and added aloud, 'Take care that the chairmen be at their posts, for I am coming.—Now,' she said to me, 'it is time to dress.'

"A part of my room was divided off by a screen, and formed a sort of dressing-closet. * * * In less than three minutes my toilet was complete. * * * I pulled the bell. 'Adieu!' she said, raising her eyes to Heaven. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand, and we exchanged a look. If we had embraced, we had been ruined. The turnkey was heard; Emilie flew behind the screen; the door opened; I passed first, then my daughter, and lastly Madame Dutoit. After having crossed the passage, I arrived at the door of the registering-room. I was obliged, at the same time to raise my foot and to stoop lest the feathers of my bonnet

should catch at the top of the door. I succeeded; but, on raising myself again, I found myself in the large apartment, in the presence of five turnkeys, sitting, standing, and coming in my way. I put my handkerchief to my face, and was waiting for my daughter to place herself on my left hand. The child, however, took my right hand; and the jailer, coming down the stairs of his apartment, which was on the left hand, came up to me without hindrance, and, putting his hand on my arm, said to me, 'You are going away early Madame.' He appeared much affected, and undoubtedly thought my wife had taken an everlasting leave of her husband. It has been said, that my daughter and I sobbed aloud: the fact is, we scarcely dared to sigh. I at last reached the end of the room. A turnkey sits there day and night, in a large arm-chair, and in a space so narrow, that he can keep his hands on the keys of two doors, one of iron bars, and the other towards the outer part, and which is called the first wicket. This man looked at me without opening his doors. I passed my right hand between the bars, to show him I wished to go out. He turned, at last, his two keys, and we got out. * * *

"At last, I slowly reached the last step, and went into the chair that stood a yard or two distant. But no chairman, no servant was there. My daughter and the old woman remained standing next to the vehicle, with a sentry at six paces from them, immovable, and his eyes fixed on me. A violent degree of agitation began to mingle with my astonishment. My looks were directed towards the sentry's musket, like those of a serpent towards his prey. It almost seemed to me that I held that musket in my grasp. At the first emotion, at the first noise, I was resolved to seize it. I felt as if I possessed the strength of ten men; and I would most certainly have killed whoever had attempted to lay hands on me. This terrible situation lasted about two minutes; but they seemed to me as long as a whole night. At last I heard Bonneville's voice saying to me, 'One of the chairmen was not punctual, but I have found another.' At the same instant, I felt myself raised. The chair passed through the great court, and, on getting out, turned to the right. We proceeded to the Quai des Orfèvres, facing the Rue de Harlay." ii. 338—343.

Lavallette here entered into a cabriolet driven by Count Chassenon, and during the drive he changed his female attire for a livery. In the Faubourg St. Germain, he met his friend Baudus and joined him as servant:—

"It was eight o'clock in the evening; it poured of rain; the night was extremely dark, and the solitude complete in that part of the Faubourg St. Germain. I walked with difficulty. M. Baudus went on more rapidly, and it was not without trouble that I could keep up with him. I soon left one of my shoes in the mire, but I was, nevertheless, obliged to get on. We saw gendarmes galloping along, who were undoubtedly in search of me, and never imagined that I was so near them. Finally, after one hour's walk, fatigued to death, with one shoe on, and one off, we arrived in the Rue de Grenelle, near the Rue de Bac, where M. Baudus stopped for a moment. 'I am going,' he said, 'to enter a nobleman's hotel. While I speak to the porter, get into the court. You will find a staircase on your left hand. Go up to the highest story. Go through a dark passage you will meet with to the right, and at the bottom of which is a pile of wood. Stop there.'" ii. 349—350.

This was no other than the hotel of the Duke de Richelieu, the Minister for Foreign Affairs!—

"M. Baudus went in first; and, while he was talking to the porter, who had thrust his head out of his lodge, I passed rapidly by. 'Where

is that man going?' cried the porter. 'It is my servant.' I quickly went up to the third floor, and reached the place that had been described to me. I was scarcely there, when I heard the rustling of a silk gown. I felt myself gently taken by the arm, and pushed into an apartment, the door of which was immediately shut upon me. * * * On the chest of drawers I found a paper, on which the following words were written:—'Make no noise. Never open your window but in the night, wear slippers of list, and wait with patience.' Next to this paper was a bottle of excellent claret, several volumes of Molière and Rabelais, and a basket containing sponges, perfumed soap, almond-paste, and all the little utensils of a gentleman's dressing-box. The delicate attentions and the neat hand-writing of the note, made me guess that my hosts combined with their most generous feelings, elegant and refined manners. But why was I in the Hotel for Foreign Affairs? I had never seen the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus was indeed attached to that department, but in a very indirect manner. I could not have inspired any interest in the King. Besides, in that case, it would have been more natural to pardon me." ii. 350—352.

The fact was, that the Treasurer for the Department of Foreign Affairs, who, in the various political changes that had taken place in France, had once been himself proscribed, and found safety in the virtuous resolution of others, had consented to give him protection. Madame Bresson herself brought him his first meal, and the husband soon after paid him a visit:—

"'Open only half your shutters,' he added, 'and let no more light in than just as much as you want to read: if you catch a cold, thrust your head when you cough into this closet.' I had asked for some beer, to quench the thirst that had tormented me for the last month. 'You cannot have any. We never drink beer, and some observation might be made on the circumstance. I have not forgot the history of M. de Montmorin, who was discovered, and died on the scaffold, through having eaten a chicken, the bones of which had been thrown at the corner of the door. A neighbour, who knew that the woman who concealed him was too poor to buy chicken, guessed that she had in her house an outlaw, and informed against her. You shall have as much sugar and refreshing syrups as you may wish, but no beer.'" ii. 360-1.

In his concealment a thousand interesting circumstances occurred, which all tend to heighten the interest of the narrative: but we must pass them over. At length, application was made by his friends to Mr. Bruce, and through him to Sir Robert Wilson and Capt. Hutchinson, to aid in his escape from France, and they all cordially assented:—

"The road to Belgium, by Valenciennes, was specially assigned to the English army, and it was therefore chosen for my escape. They asked no more than two days to finish their preparations. I received a very particular instruction concerning my dress:—no mustachios; an English wig; my beard shaved very clean, after the manner of the officers of that nation; a great-coat with buttons of the English Guards; the regimentals and hat were to be given me at the instant of our departure.

"We held council, and, as it occurs in most cases, our first steps were wrong. It was looked upon as very necessary to get my coat made by the tailor of an English regiment;—but he would want my measure: my friend Stanislaus took it with fine white paper; and instead of the notches that the tailors are accustomed to make, he wrote on it, 'Length of the fore-arm, breadth of the breast,' &c. in a fine neat hand, and carried

it boldly to the tailor of the regiment of the Guards. He quickly made the coat, however—not without observing that the measure had not been taken by a tailor. M. Bresson had been to buy me another great-coat at an old clothes' shop, and was naturally obliged to measure it on himself. He was however tall and thin; so that in less than forty-eight hours I had two coats, neither of which could be of any service to me. I had no boots, and all our speculations were useless in contriving to procure me a pair. I was forced to put on a pair belonging to M. Bresson: they were at least two inches longer than my foot; I could scarcely walk in them, and we all laughed much at the awkward figure I cut.

"On the 9th of January 1816, at eight o'clock in the evening, I at last took leave of my kind friends. We were all very much affected, and particularly myself, who was leaving them with so little hope of ever seeing them again. * * *

"After I had embraced them, Messrs. Bresson and Baudus brought me to the corner of the Rue de Grenelle, where I found again the faithful Chassenon, with his cabriolet. In going to my destination, we crossed the Place du Carrousel. I could not help smiling when I passed so near the numerous sentries stationed along the railings of the Tuileries, and when I saw the palace lighted up, and filled, as I had reason to imagine, with people enraged at not being able to seize me, while I was not more than fifty yards from them.

"We stopped at a house in the Rue du Helder, near the Boulevard: there I took leave of my friend Chassenon. As I walked slowly up the stairs, I was surprised at meeting Mademoiselle Dubourg. There would have been too much danger in our appearing to know each other. I afterwards learned that she was going to M. Dupuis, my Reporting Judge, who lived on the second floor of the house; so that I was going to pass the night under the same roof with the magistrate who had during my trial examined me twice at length, and with great severity." ii. 377—81.

At the lodgings of Capt. Hutchinson he met Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Bruce; and after some consultation it was determined that they should start the next morning at eight o'clock. After counting every hour of the night, Lavallette observes:—

"I heard six o'clock strike: I immediately set about my toilet, and at eight o'clock precisely I found Sir Robert Wilson in the street, dressed in his full regimentals, and seated in a pretty gig. Mr. Hutchinson soon appeared also on horseback, and we set off. The weather was beautiful; all the shops were open, everybody in the streets, and by a singular coincidence they were just at that moment putting up in the Place de Grève the gibbet which, according to custom, is used to execute in effigy persons declared guilty in contumacy." ii. 384.

They passed the Barrier without much difficulty; at La Chapelle they were obliged to change their horse—

"When we approached the house, we perceived four gendarmes standing in front of the large door. Sir Robert went up to them: they separated, that we might pass; and, to prevent them from paying attention to us, Mr. Hutchinson began a conversation with them. His inquiries were chiefly directed to the number of stables and the quantity of forage and lodgings that were to be found in the village; from all which they concluded that English troops were expected, and one of them invited the English Captain to accompany him to the Mayor. 'Not at present,' he answered: 'I am going forward to meet the waggons, and in two hours I shall be back.' The conversation could not last very long with an Englishman who knew but little of

our language. But the horse was quickly changed, and we had the satisfaction, on going away, to exchange salutes with the gendarmes. I then learned that the man who had brought us thus far, belonged to M. Auguste de St. Aignan. On the road we met with several gendarmes in pursuit of malefactors, or bearing military correspondence. They all fixed their eyes on us without suspecting anything. I had accustomed myself, on seeing them, to shut my eyes, but with the precaution of placing my hand on my pistol,—fully resolved, if I should be recognized and apprehended, to blow my brains out; for it would have been too great a stupidity to suffer myself to be brought back to Paris.

"We arrived at last at Compiègne. At the entrance of the suburb stood a non-commissioned English officer, who, on seeing his general, turned to the right and marched with gravity through several small streets, until he stopped at a small house in a very lonely part of the town. There we found an officer who received us very well, and we waited for Sir Robert's carriage, which Mr. Wallis was to bring from Paris for him. That officer had ordered post-horses for General Wallis, brother-in-law to Sir Robert Wilson, who travelled under his name. Mr. Wallis arrived at about six o'clock; after having been followed a great part of the way by the gendarmes. We had not an instant to lose: the carriage advanced rapidly. We experienced a great delay at Condé, in getting through the town, but it was during the night. At last, next morning, at seven o'clock, we arrived at Valenciennes, the last French city on that frontier. I was beginning to feel more easy, when the Postmaster told us to go and have our passports examined by the Captain of the gendarmerie. 'You forgot, I suppose, to read who we were,' said Sir Robert calmly: 'let the Captain come here, if he chooses to see us.' The Postmaster felt how wrong he had acted; and taking our passports, he went himself to get them signed. As it was very long before he came back, I began to be tormented by a most horrible anxiety. Was I going to be wrecked in the harbour? Suppose the officer of gendarmes were to come himself and verify the signatures and to apprehend me? Fortunately, the weather was very cold, it was scarcely daylight, and the officer signed the passports without rising from his bed. We got out of the gate. On the glacis, an officer of the Preventive Service wanted to see whether we were in order; but having satisfied his curiosity, we went on and stopped no more. We flew along the beautiful Brussels road. From time to time I looked through the back window, to see whether we were not pursued. My impatience augmented with every turn of the wheels. The postillion showed us at a distance a large house, that was the Belgian Custom-house: I fixed my eyes on that edifice, and it seemed to me as if it remained always equally far off. I imagined that the postillion did not get on: I was ashamed of my impatience, but it was impossible for me to curb it. At last we reached the frontier: we were on the Belgian territories:—I was saved! I pressed the hands of Sir Robert, and expressed to him, with a deep emotion, the extent of my gratitude." 386—90.

The fate of Madame Lavallette is better known and most melancholy. Scarcely had her husband passed the outer door than the jailer entered his room; he retired, however, on hearing the concerted noise, behind the screen, but returned again in a few minutes and discovered that his prisoner had escaped. Madame Lavallette was now subjected to imprisonment for many weeks; and the treatment she received, and the anxiety she had suffered, affected her mind; and the most amiable and excellent of women lost her senses, and continued in that dreadful state

for nearly twelve years. With the concluding passage of the work we shall finish our present notice:—

"At last, the health of Madame de Lavallette recovered sufficiently to permit me to take her home. A deep melancholy throws her frequently into fits of abstractedness; but she is always equally mild, amiable, and good. We pass the summer in a retired country-house, where she seems to enjoy herself. I have preserved my independence, the first of all mortal riches, without pension, salary, or gratuity of any sort, after a long life, consecrated to the service of my country, offering up for her liberty prayers that will perhaps never be fulfilled, and living with the recollections of a great period and a great man." ii. 405.

A Vision of Hell: a Poem. 1831. Glasgow, J. Reid; Edinburgh, Constable.

The Solitary: a Poem, in Three Parts. By Charles Whitehead. London, Wilson.

United Efforts: a Collection of Poems: the mutual Offspring of a Brother and Sister. London, Sherwood & Co.; W. Bachelor, Dover.

IN noting down the titles of the above poems, their authors, publishers, and places of publication, we have felt as much bewildered, as on reading the elaborate entry of a fashionable wedding, we have been puzzled to disentangle the "happy couple" from the names of their noble relatives, their places of abode, and claims to public admiration. The bridegroom has often, to our confused apprehension, led to the hymeneal altar the attendant aunt or mother of his bride,—nay, we have even mistaken him for his venerable father, from the superb confusion incident to these genealogical details. Happy have we felt to turn to some small honest notice, of "Married at the parish church, Mr. Thomas Smith to Miss Mary Jones,"—which notice, if it suggested no grand imaginations, had the merit of not being a riddle.

But to the poems—and 'A Vision of Hell,' having the least elaborate title-page, shall come first. According to the contents, that title ought to have been, 'A Vision of Tartarus and Elysium,' as the poem is all but entirely devoted to a description of the classical Hades, and the kings, queens, heroes, and demi-gods writhing or enjoying themselves there. A few moderns are introduced in Tartarus:—Charles the First Elizabeth, Frederick of Prussia, and the Russian Catherine (for having divided Poland); but the multitude are gathered from ancient history, or yet more ancient mythology. The thirteenth and fourteenth books of Telemachus, and the sixth book of the *Æneid*, offer a parallel, if they did not afford the model. As a means of refreshing the memory, by affording a classical catalogue, 'A Vision of Hell' is useful; but there is not sufficient either of majestic or gorgeous imagination to render it striking as a poem. The blank verse is, however, superior to a vast portion of what annually appears under that head; and with a subject more in accordance with public sympathy, the author is quite able to achieve an interesting production. With the exception of the grand delineations of penal wretchedness, given us by the great masters of the human mind, we never read or hear Hell delineated by inferior hands, without thinking of Pope's lines:

All sudden gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horned fiends and giants rush to war;
Hell ris'n, Heaven descends, and dance on earth
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Lest, however, these remarks should seem to prejudice the 'Vision,' we subjoin an extract; and the reader can form his own opinion:—

But on the outskirts of the group, a wheel
First caught my eye, that whirled so rapidly
That even the lightning's speed were not more swift;
And from it seem'd to spring the notes of woe.

This was Ixion's wheel; but I perceived,
So fast he flew, no limb of him—as near
As might be, I approach'd, and from my eyes
Fell tears at this sad sight. Thereon a voice
Came murmuring from the midst: "Dost pity me?"

"So much, poor shade," I answer'd, "that to ease
Thy pains, it would delight."—"That cannot be,"
The voice replied, "it is eternal doom.
Yet since thy will is so, I tell thee how
To me, and to my son here with me bound,
Short respite thou mayst gain. Beseech our lord,
Who yonder sits, that Orpheus' thrilling harp
May break again the silence of this place."

"To me remains not, O Ixion!" then
I said, "the power to ask—for I am here
As nothing; but I surely shall demand
Her whom I journey with, for what thou pray'st."
Thereon I turn'd me to the guide, who thus:
"I know thy wish—it shall be as thou wouldst."

'The Solitary' should have been entitled, 'A Reverie on Metaphysics in General.' It evinces much poetical feeling, a taste for high models, and considerable fancy; but it is overloaded with fantasy, repetitions, and language anything but "strung with sinews." There is something in the opening address—something, too, in the faults, no less than promise of the poem—that excites interest, and, if the author be young, affords hope of improvement. A plethoric diction may be starved into propriety; but who can infuse life into sentences dry as a mummy? If the author of 'The Solitary' will not, in admiring his favourite writers, mistake blemishes for beauties—if he will strive after a clear comprehension of what he intends to write about—if he will not continue in the ranks of those who

Think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that's plain, or natural—

and if he will make an earnest study of our own bold, grave, vigorous English tongue, turning a deaf ear to all the new combinations of compound words and fanciful epithets that deteriorate whilst they seem to enrich—if the author of 'The Solitary' can and will be a man in his taste, his studies, and his purposes, there is matter in him to make a poet. At present he is only a phantom, and puts nothing more substantial in his verses than the ghost of a dream, or the shadow of a shade. The study of Shelley's poetry is growing; and whilst calculated to shake the heresies of those who would have poetry "as plain as a pike-staff,"—who have no notion of any arbiter besides their friend in "hoddin grey" good sense, he is likely to mislead fervent, enthusiastic spirits, who, with equal perverseness, hate whatever is not mystical and mazy. Shelley was in mind a mystic; and much of what at first appears inapprehensible, arises from the nature of the subjects treated on—he fairly goes into other worlds. His admiring imitators, not having his strength of wing, are satisfied with his imperfect vision;—they cannot pierce the Empyrean, where the mystery really abides, and so write mysteriously concerning "the round world that we inhabit,"—measure their depth by their darkness,

and fancy themselves profound, because they are perplexed." We are not now speaking morally, but in a sense strictly intellectual; and we subjoin an instance from 'The Solitary':—

We live in visions; we exist in dreams:
Obsequious satellites that wait before,
Yet stay not; nothing is that nothing seems.
And all is nothing when it is no more.
Still urge we onward to the fatal shore,
Pursue, and curse the phantoms we pursue,
Relax, repent, and piteously implore;
No rose-bud in a wilderness of rue—
What wilt thou now, fond heart! the past, at least, is true.

There are, however, more intelligible verses, and here and there a lovely image:

And Peace comes forth again like gentle Ruth,
Gleaning whatever be left from the full sheaves of youth.

And here is a stanza in which there is a gleam of rich allowable fancy:—

Lone Hesperus hath climb'd the western stair,
And hung his silver crescent forth in vain,
For hungry Darkness crawling from his lair
Moves o'er the mountain, and with flooding mane
Flings out thick gloom over th' ethereal plain,
And the dun welkin trembles in night:
Hark! the sad Nightingale begins her strain,
And Echo, like a weary anchoress,
Sits crouching in the woods, mute in her own despite.

Speaking now, for one moment, as to the moral habit of mind whence 'The Solitary' has emanated, we must enter a protest against the unceasing disposition to be moody and melancholy, and full of complaint against life, hope, time, love, pity, youth, manhood, old age—everything, in short, that exists, has existed, or will exist in this world, where there are six days of labour for one of rest. A little super-transcendentalism we have no objection to, upon occasion—nor, upon occasion, to a good, and if melodious, hearty fit of passion, with the world and its inhabitants; but when we get *nothing* but sighs, and tears, and groans, witherings of spirit, blastings of memory, searings of brain, and dryings up of heart, when poetry is turned into Niobe,—and without having lost nine children,—it is hard, first, to help laughing, and, next, to avoid feeling a stern regret at such gross misapplication of mind and sensibility. Melancholy and levity are in their extremes alike irrational.—We now bid 'The Solitary' farewell, hoping to see him again, purified from what looks like affectation, and writing as good verses as we think he has power to write.

'United Efforts' are ushered into their coat of bottle-green, with so modest and pleading a preface, that

'Twere a burning shame and sin,
To banter or abuse them.

Their proper title is, 'Good Intentions'; and, as it seems those worst enemies, friends, induced their publication, we will guard the writers against their future entreaties, by an extract from an old laureate's 'Charge to the Poets.'

Why, write—but ne'er pursue it as a trade,
And seldom publish: manuscripts disarm
The censor's frown, and boast an added charm;
Enhance their worth by seeming to retire,
For, what but few can prate of, all admire.

Catalogue of several hundred Manuscript Works in various Oriental Languages.
Collected by Sir William Ouseley, LL.D., &c. London, 1831. Printed by Valpy.

This is a catalogue of the celebrated collection of Oriental Manuscripts, which, we announced last year, it was Sir W. Ouseley's intention to offer for sale. The collection ought undoubtedly to be deposited in the

Library of the Royal Asiatic Society; but, we fear the Society is not rich enough to become the purchaser, and therefore we hope the government will secure them at once, and place them in the British Museum. Many of the MSS. are of the best age of Persian calligraphy and illumination—many are valuable from their age and rarity, and some are perhaps unique. Sir William observes,

"Besides *Tabrî's* Great Chronicle, *Firdausi's* *Shah Nāme*, the *Rauzet al Safā*, *Nuzhat al Colāb*, the writings of *As'adî* and *Ibn al Fardi*, the *Tārīkh Guzideh*, and other works of acknowledged celebrity, those who devote their attention to Asiatic history and geography will in this collection, find a multiplicity of most rare and useful compositions.

"Among the medical treatises hereafter noticed, some are of considerable value. * * *

"This Catalogue notices many entertaining works of fiction unknown in Europe (as I have reason to think) beyond the narrow limits of my library. Such compositions have long been the delight of Eastern nations." p. v.

The illuminations of Oriental Manuscripts must not be considered as merely ornamental—they often tend to explain obscure passages, and to illustrate the customs, manners, religious ceremonies, and superstitions of the age. Some indeed, appear to be a little fanciful:—

"Among the Zoological figures in that most curious work, the *Ajāieb al Mahlucāt*, (No. 457)," says Sir William, "compiled in the thirteenth century by *Zakaria Cazi*, (whom we may style the Persian Pliny,) will be found some coloured drawings of animals beautifully executed, and others which would serve to illustrate the marvellous relations of Carpin, Rubruguis, Marco Polo, and other early travellers, concerning many extraordinary creatures of distant regions; such as the 'men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders,' of whom *Shakspere's* *Othello* talks, and whom *Zakariah* describes as inhabitants of 'certain islands in the Chinese Ocean; without heads, but having their eyes and mouths on their breasts; and I have heard,' adds he, 'that one of the people so formed came on an embassy to the king of the Tartars.' Two very accurate portraits illustrate this description in the MS. above quoted." p. v-vi.

Respecting the value of these MSS. it is extremely difficult to form an opinion:—

"I must acknowledge," says Sir William, "my own surprise at the considerable sums demanded in various towns of Persia for splendid, rare, or curious MSS., and my still greater surprise at the sums which were refused. A magnificent offering to the triumphant *Nādir Shāh*, comprised the vanquished prince's diadem, three hundred camels, two hundred horses, and twenty fine Persian MSS.; and of a single volume brought from India by General Carnac, the price was one thousand rupees (125*l.*) That the beautiful *Jāmi* (marked No. 91.) had once been estimated at a sum nearly equivalent to 140 guineas, was noticed in the 'Epitome of Persian History' (1799. Pref. p. xxiii.); and for a handsome *Shāh Nāme*, which I examined at Isfāhān in 1811, the proprietor asked 180, but subsequently accepted 120 *tumāns*, (between 80 and 90 pounds,) as a letter from an English gentleman informed me; yet that MS. was not, in many respects, equally valuable as the two copies (Nos. 1 and 2) of my own collection." p. vii.

We can easily conceive the regret with which Sir William resolved to part with these treasures:—

"Several times," he observes, "were the names of certain books erased from my list, and again with a reluctant hand inserted as they now ap-

pear; and many of these pages had actually passed through the press before I could induce myself to offer for sale the *Nuzhat Námeh Elláiy*, the *Súr al beldán*, the *Mekámát Hamídi* the *Zein al Akhbár*, and other rare works noticed in the latter part of this Catalogue. But the die is now cast; and they must accompany all the others. I am however consoled (for 'even in our ashes live their wonted fires') by the hope that these MSS., transferred from the obscure shelves of a private collection to some great national or royal library, and rendered accessible to the public, may furnish interesting subjects for translation into various languages, and promote throughout Europe a taste for Oriental literature." p. vii.

Among the most curious we notice—

"The *Kulíát of Jámi* كليات جامي or complete body of that celebrated poet's forty works, in one magnificent volume, containing 1336 pages of large octavo or small folio size: finely written in the Niskh hand, by a scribe of Herát, A.H. 941 (1534); titles of each work richly illuminated, and every page resplendent with gold, ultramarine, &c. This precious MS. which a learned professor of Cambridge pronounced 'a library in itself,' appears to have cost different proprietors sums equivalent to 80 or 90 guineas. Besides the seven well-known poems of Jámi, this MS. comprises many works so rare even in Persia, that I could not procure copies of them at Shiráz or Isfahán." p. 3.

"*Zein al Akhbár* زين الاخبار; Sm. F., 527 pp. A most valuable work in illustrating the history and antiquities of Asia, the early Persian kings, the khalifas, and other Mohammedan sovereigns; the Jewish, Magian, Christian, and Hindu religious ceremonies; the manners and customs of different nations; with a variety of curious geographical and chronological matter." A work so rare that Sir William has never seen a second copy.

"*Rágavibódha* (Sanskrit); large 8vo.; 37 pp.; finely written in black and red ink. 'The most valuable work,' says Sir William Jones, (in 1784,) 'that I have seen, and perhaps the most valuable that exists on the subject of Indian music.' A MS. so rare, that the learned *Pandits* of Bengal did not know of its being extant: a literary treasure, which, adds he, 'the zeal of Colonel Polier has brought into light, and perhaps has preserved from destruction.'" p. 24.

It is painful to think that Sir William Ouseley, a man who has devoted a long life to literature, and to studies from which he could not hope for pecuniary reward, is one among the half-dozen deprived of the 100*l.* per annum heretofore allowed to the Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature. But we have already expressed our opinion on this subject; and, though hope has been long delayed, we still persuade ourselves that Earl Grey will devise some means of continuing this small, but serviceable, provision for the old age of men, who cannot long be a burthen on any fund. Another honoured name—that of William Roscoe—has been struck off the roll even since we last touched on this subject.

The Dutchman's Fireside; a Tale. By the Author of 'The Backwoodsman,' &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

We opened these volumes with some tendency to partiality in their favour—first, from a kindly feeling towards all American writers; and secondly, because we think it augurs well for literature, that our most

prolific publishers are at length willing rather to send across the Atlantic for novelty or power, than continue to deluge the town with more of that vapid and fashionable stuff with which we have so long been sickened. The author (Mr. Paulding) is undoubtedly a clever man, but his talents, to judge by the work before us, are not peculiarly calculated to gain him eminence as a novelist. Some of his characters, and several of his scenes, are sketched with considerable power, and the whole is laboured out with much care, and often with powerful effect: and had the tale ended with the first volume, we should have said that it was clever and dramatic. But the author's recourse to common-place incident, to lengthen out the story, has injured the general effect, and a lack of invention, as well as a low standard of literary taste, are made evident.

The story begins with a simple, natural, but rather lengthy description of the Dutchman's house and family, or rather of three Dutchmen (brothers), one of whom has an adopted son, and another an only daughter, who, of course, become the hero and heroine of the tale. The young people are both exceedingly beautiful, and so forth; but although they ought to fall in love, and the old folks have no objection, the boy is shy, learned and sentimental, and the girl, having been educated at a high boarding-school in New York, a little coquettish, and the author could not bring about so remarkable a consummation, without the novel incident of making the youth save the lady's life no less than three different times. After all this, the young man becomes jealous of certain red-coated officers, who get up sundry balls and parties in their quiet village, and he flies away in a pet to sojourn among the Indians: and here the story has considerable interest. After encountering some peril in the woods, and getting wounded in a scuffle with a one-eyed savage, Sybrandt, the hero, is rescued by a tall and noble-minded Englishman, who turns out to be one Sir William Johnson, a voluntary exile in these wilds, whose reasons for adopting his present mode of life, and the descriptions accompanying, we think well worthy of being extracted:—

"On the evening of the second day they arrived at the residence of the stranger, a few miles from the banks of the Mohawk river. It was a little embryo settlement, just struggling forth in the midst of the vast empire of nature, and composed of log cabins, the first remove from the bark huts of the Indians. 'This is the capital of my kingdom,' said the stranger; 'it is a wide empire, not very populous; but never mind, the time will come.' He welcomed Sybrandt to his house—a large square edifice of hewn pines, the interstices filled with mortar,—with that frank, careless hospitality characteristic of everything he said and did, and presented him to his wife and children; the former an Indian woman, the latter an evident mixture of wild and tame, the perfect images of nature in her finest proportions.

"Sybrandt remained at the house of the stranger some weeks ere he entirely recovered from the effects of his wound; and after his recovery, in truth, he was in no haste to go away. It was evident, too, that the stranger did not wish to part with him. 'It is long,' said he, 'since I have had a companion who could talk with me on subjects connected with my early habits and associations.'

"Our hero could not refrain from expressing his surprise at seeing a person of his education and accomplishments, thus voluntarily become

an exile from civilized society, to mix with beings so different from himself.

"'Why, I don't know,' replied he, smiling; 'I was tired of the labour of doing nothing. In my own country I was a gentleman, but a gentleman without fortune; and such a one, you know, cannot stoop to be active and useful, except in certain professions. I was physically incapacitated for any sedentary profession, for there is about me an impatience of being still, a sort of instinctive longing for exercise, fresh air, and freedom of action, that make me a fitter companion for wild beasts and wild men, than for lords and ladies. They might have made a soldier of me; but my family was Jacobite, and neither would we ask, nor the government grant me a commission. I might have gone into a foreign service; but the truth is, I had some qualms about one day or other, perhaps, being obliged either to fight against my own country, or desert the standard under which I had voluntarily enlisted. It happened that an intimate friend of mine was appointed governor of this province, and the thought struck me that I should have plenty of elbow-room in the new world, and plenty of exercise for my ungovernable propensity to activity in hunting deer, wrestling with bears, skirmishing with the Indians, and other rural amusements. I proposed to accompany him, and he accepted me as a companion, under the character of his private secretary. On our arrival in New York, he desired me to sit down and write an account of our voyage and safe arrival to the colonial secretary. Before I had half finished, there was an alarm in the house that a bear had made his appearance in one of the markets, or perhaps, as I believe was the fact, in the only market in the city, which I suppose has grown very much since. I threw down my pen, sallied forth in the crowd, and after a smart skirmish with Sir Bruin, actually killed him with my own hand.

"'I was excessively proud of this exploit, 'I suppose you expect to be breveted,' said his Excellency, smiling. Then shaking his head, he added, 'I see you won't do, my good friend. You are cut out for a mighty hunter before the Lord, like honest Nimrod, and not for a secretary. Have you an inclination to go as resident minister among the Mohawks, and become the bear-leader, or, in more classic phrase the Lycurgus of these wild Spartan warriors?' * * *

"The idea caught my fancy wonderfully; and I accepted the offer without hesitation. You, who have lived so near the confines of the dominion of Nature, and mixed with her sons, need not be told the particulars of my coming here, the privations and dangers I encountered, and the obstacles I met and overcame. We shall talk over these some other day. I have already sat still here longer, I believe, than I have done at one time these ten years. So come, Westbrook, 'tis a fine day for a hunt; and you are well enough to join in it.'

"He then whistled his dogs, who came wagging their tails, as much delighted as their master—furnished Sybrandt with a gun, and his eldest son, a boy about ten years old, with another, and after making all necessary preparations, called his wife, an agreeable-looking Indian woman, with a voice as soft as a flute, and an eye like an antelope.

"'Sakia!—She is an Algonquin,' said he to Sybrandt, 'and her name translated into English is Love.—Sakia, we shall return before night. See that you have something good ready for us.' Sakia went her way smiling and good-humoured as a child.

"'She is my wife—my good and lawful wife—and the mother of all my children. I never had any other, and I never wish to have. You look as if you wanted to express your wonder that I have not brought a civilized European

lady to share my solitude. But, in truth, what would such a one have done here but fret away her soul into vapours, and pine herself to death, and hang a dead weight upon me and my purposes. Not one in a million of the fine ladies I formerly associated with would have consented to accompany me in the wilderness; and if she had, 'tis a million to one she would have made herself as wretched as she would have made me. She could not hunt like me; and her lonely hours would have been embittered by perpetual ennui or perpetual fears. Still less would an ignorant, vulgar white woman have suited me as a companion. The ignorance of the Indian is neither troublesome nor offensive, like that of civilized life; nor is it accompanied by that grossness of manner and clumsy carriage, characteristic of hard labour. An Indian woman is always graceful; and the sweetness of her voice makes amends for all that is wanting in sentiment and expression—or rather it is both sentiment and expression combined. No, no, young man—if you ever come to live in the woods, marry a wood-nymph. You might as well bring a dancing-master here as a fine lady. But come—we are wasting time. Take care you don't mistake me for a wild animal, when we get into the woods, and shoot me.—Here, Will, do you go a-head, my boy; and if old Snacks don't behave herself, take a whip to her.—I give my boys the lead,' said he, addressing Sybrandt, 'whenever it can be done with safety. It makes them brave and manly.'

"Our party soon buried themselves in the pathless woods, and continued onward till they struck the banks of a little lake, whose waters were of crystal, and in whose bosom the surrounding verdant banks were reflected with a thousand new and nameless beauties, just as the imagination heightens and adorns the realities of nature.

" 'Let us sit down here awhile,' said the stranger. 'You seem tired. Or, if you like, you can stay here and fish, while Will and I skirt round the lake with our guns. I have brought fishing-tackle with me.'

"Sybrandt chose this alternative, being somewhat tired; and the stranger and his boy departed with the dogs, to make the tour of the lake, which seemed some half a dozen miles in circumference. 'Lay your gun where you can reach it, in case a deer or a bear comes by,' hallooed he from a distance, just as they vanished in the woods.

"Influenced by the scene before him, which threw a charming quiet and repose over his whole soul, Sybrandt, instead of engaging in the sport of fishing, continued to contemplate the unadorned, unsullied beauties of nature in this her wild, secluded paradise. The crystal waters lay sleeping within the green-fringed curtains of their waving banks, and not a sound, an echo, or a motion disturbed the deathlike quiet of the landscape. The world, as it presented itself at that moment to his eye, was composed of the sky above, the little lake and its green border beneath; all beyond was shut out from the view. The axe had never opened a vein in the bodies or limbs of the primeval forest, that giant progeny which exhibited the product of the first energies of mother earth; nor had her bosom ever, in this lonely region, been seared by the hand of man. Life itself seemed extinct, except in the beating of Sybrandt's pulses, and the myriads of little fish that sported in the transparent waters, and turned their silvery sides ever and anon to the bright beams of the god of day. Sybrandt little thought, at that moment, that a few years, a single generation would scarcely pass away, before this region of the dead, or rather of those who never had an existence, would spring, as if by magic, into life and animation; that its silence would pass away before the babbling tongues of all ages, and almost

all countries; that languages and men would congregate within these now melancholy woods, that never met before in any spot of all the earth; and that the Promethean touch of courage, enterprise, activity, energy, and perseverance would here perform, in almost less than no time, the far-famed ancient miracle of animating the lifeless clod into motion and intelligence." i. 185—195.

From the above extract, our readers will perceive, that, however deficient in other respects, the author of these volumes does not want either for strong sense or powers of description. Some of his scenes among the Indians—particularly a midnight reconnoitering expedition of the hero, in company with one Timothy Weasel, probably the best character in the book—are excellently well told and full of interest. The love part of the story is not managed to our taste—far less do we like the ball-room scenes in the second volume. The author, we think, will shine best to an English public, when he writes purely as an American. There is a description of one "Pliny the younger," in the second volume, which is so good a specimen of Yankee extravagance, that we shall do our best to make room for a part of it:—

"Pliny was the youngest of nine sons, and an unaccountable number of daughters, born unto Captain Pliny Coffin (the fifteenth), a most indefatigable and industrious man by day and by night. Being called after his uncle, Deacon Pliny Mayhew (the tenth), he was patronized by that worthy 'Spermaceti candle of the church,' as he was called, and sent to school at an early age, with a view to following the footsteps of his uncle. But Pliny the younger had a natural and irresistible vocation to salt water, inasmuch that at the age of eighteen months, or thereabouts, being left to amuse himself under the only tree in Nantucket, which grew in front of Captain Coffin's (the fifteenth) house, he crawled incontinently down to the sea-side, and was found disporting himself in the surf like unto a young gosling. In like manner did Pliny the younger, at a very early age, display a vehement predilection for great whales, to the which he was most probably incited by the stories of his father, Pliny the elder, who had been a mighty whaler in his day. When about three years old, a whale was driven ashore at Nantucket in a storm, where he perished, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who flocked from all parts to claim a share of his spoil. On the morning of that memorable day, which is still recorded in the annals of Nantucket, Pliny the younger was missing, and great search being made for him, he was not to be found in the whole island; to the grief of his mother, who was a very stout woman, and had killed three Indians with her own fair hand. As the people were gathered about the body of the whale, discussing the mysterious disappearance of the child, what was their astonishment to behold him coming forth from the stomach of the great fish, laughing right merrily at the prank he had played!

"But the truth must be confessed; he took his learning after the manner that people take physic, more especially doctors, with many dry faces and much tribulation of spirit. In fact, he never learned his lesson in his whole life, until arriving at his fifth year, by good fortune a primer was put into his hand wherein was the picture of a whale, with the which he was so utterly delighted, that he learned the whole two lines under it in the course of the day. The teacher aptly took the hint, and by means of pasting the likeness of a whale at the head of his lessons, carried him mightily along in the career of knowledge. In process of time he came to be of the order of deacons, and was ap-

pointed to preach his first sermon, whereby a great calamity befell him, which drove him forth a wanderer on the vast continent of the universe. Unfortunately, the meeting-house where he was to make his first essay, stood in full view of the sea, which could be distinctly seen from the pulpit; and just as Pliny the younger had divided his text into sixteen parts, behold! a mighty ship appeared, with a white bone in her teeth, ploughing her way towards the island with clouds of canvas swelling in the wind. Whereupon, the conviction came across his mind, that this must be the good ship Albatross, returning from a whaling voyage in the great South Sea; and, sad to relate, his boyish instincts got the better of his better self. Delirious with eager curiosity, he rushed from the pulpit, and ran violently down to the sea-side like one possessed, leaving Deacon Mayhew and the rest of the congregation, as it were, howling in the wilderness. The deacon was wroth, and forthwith disinherited him. The people said he was possessed of a devil, and talked of putting him to the ordeal; whereupon the unfortunate youth exiled himself from the land of his nativity, and went to seek his fortune among the heathen, who had steeples to their churches, and dealt in the abomination of white sleeves. Of his wanderings, and of the accidents of his pilgrimage, I know nothing, until his pilgrimage directed him to the Flats, where there were neither whales nor whaling-ships, to lead him into temptation." ii. 226—30.

The Principles of English Composition; illustrated by Examples, with Critical Remarks. By David Booth. London, 1831. Cochran & Pickersgill.

CONSIDERABLE portions of this work are valuable; they afford grammatical information in a clear, succinct, and (remembering the size of the volume) comprehensive manner. The chapter on Punctuation may be perused with advantage, not only by elementary students of composition, but by readers of more mature age and higher attainment. The same chapter might have been extended with advantage; for the talent that produces a good book, and the knowledge that points it correctly, are by no means invariably associated. There wants a work specifically devoted to the subject, which would allow of much argument, call for much reading, and might, by admitting specimens of blunders, be a very entertaining jest-book. Will nobody give us the philosophy of punctuation, for the benefit of young authors, and not of young authors only? Having repeated our obligations to Mr. Booth, for much valuable matter condensed in as small and attractive a form, as the dry subject of construction will admit, we must take leave to object to some of his strictures on the literature of the imagination. Mr. Booth writes like a philosopher about grammar, but like a grammarian about poetry. His naming Dr. Darwin as "a poet of the first class," looked ominous of a medium estimation of what Dryden calls the "divine science." This, however, we got over, rather rejoicing that the dead Doctor had found some one to praise him, even unduly—provided no one was to suffer by it. This was not possible; and at page 264, we were astonished by the following sentence:—"Of the English sonnet thus fettered, it is sufficient to say that it was unsuccessful in the hands of Shakspeare and of Milton;" this is followed up by a sweeping caveat against "our modern sonneteers," the whole body corporate—Wordsworth and his sonnets of course in-

cluded. Our very particular and private quarrel with Mr. Booth, is grounded, however, on another assertion:—"It is all a fiction. The very meaning of the word poetry, is 'a lie.'" Then ensues a parallel between the true poet and a madman; and then, as a proof, some verses written by a young woman "when labouring under very active mania." This is treating the inspiration of poetry as a vague enthusiasm—the art of poetry as a collocation of words tipped with rhyme; and with due deference to Mr. Booth on his own ground, we will tell him that he is in grievous error. What says the *scholar* Cowley? "There is not so great a lie to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry." What says Dryden? "An heroic poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of a man is capable to perform"—and Dryden adds a statement of requisitions, sufficiently proving why the world has never had half-a-dozen. What says Wordsworth? "In the higher poetry, an enlightened critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart, and the grandeur of the imagination." What says "the old man eloquent," Coleridge?—"Poetry is the blossom and fragrant of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, and language." And again, "Poetry is noble as an art, and glorious as an attainment." It is receiving and propagating dwarfed views of poetry, its nature, power, and cultivation, which leads to dwarfed manifestations. It is an art no less than an inspiration; it is the finest of the fine arts; and, in its highest efforts, permanent as science. It may be the business and duty of poetry to treat of things in their outward show and substance; but, nevertheless, its soul is not "a lie," but truth. It is the same in the delineation of feeling and passion—the same even in the creation of imaginary scenes and beings; the first requirement is truth—truth of delineation, truth of feeling and passion, truth and consistency amongst themselves, in the imaginary scenes and beings. The most natural form of critical language proves it; or whence the complaints against some poetical portraits for being "false"—"exaggerated"—"not true to nature"?

Mr. Booth's error lies in confounding truth with matter of fact; in not separating an inter-penetration of spirit from a visible bodily form, or a gross palpable clothing. We could go on and write an essay, proving, that as truth is the high and ultimate test of all things, earthly, spiritual, political, and intellectual, so it is of poetry;—and that poetry, though apparently free as the four winds of heaven, is subject to the immutable and universal laws of this great ethereal hierarch. Poetry "a lie"! We should mischievously delight in privately pestering Mr. Booth with a reading of proofs to the contrary;—not forgetting Tennyson's poem on the Poet—and all his

Indian reeds blown from a silver tongue.

What we have said is said with a painful conviction, that one cause of an affluence of bad poetry is to be found in inadequate views of its worth when perfect, and of the difficulty of making it so; and that one great remedy is to be found in its being considered a study of the understanding, and not a mere amusement of the fancy. Erroneous opinions are the first received by the young; and we

object the more to Mr. Booth's statements because they occur in an elementary work, mainly designed to further their instruction.

What poetry really is, what it really can do, let the best poets be suffered to teach;—Cowley's preface to his works, and Dryden's dedication to his *Æneid*, will teach them something too in the art of thinking and writing noble, manly, intellectual, lucid prose. "Poetry a lie"! What will Mr. Booth say to the following sentence from Condorcet's "Life of the Philosophical Turgot":—"He (Turgot) considered novels as being books of morality, and even the only ones in which he had ever seen morality." Doubtless he so thought, because novels are careful to deal out poetical justice.

History of the Epidemic Spasmodic Cholera of Russia; including a copious Account of the Disease which has prevailed in India, and which has travelled under that name from Asia into Europe. By Bisset Hawkins, M.D. London, 1831. Murray.

THIS work is professedly a mere collection of the scattered information which has been, as yet, obtained concerning the cholera; and, considering it in this narrow point of view—and we have certainly no right to demand of an author more than he undertakes—we think that it is a creditable, and may be a useful one. Dr. Hawkins gives an account of the regulations issued by the Austrian and Russian governments in respect to cholera; he then details at length the preservative regimen recommended in India, and the effects of fumigations; and after describing minutely the symptoms, appearances after death, and treatment in India and Russia, he proves the identity of the Indian and Russian cholera, and then shows the distinction between the common bilious cholera and the spasmodic. The contagious nature of the disease is afterwards discussed, and the work concludes with a narrative of the progress of the disease from 1817 to the present time.

The Appendix is certainly as useful as the work itself: the letters, reports, &c. collected by the Doctor, present a valuable mass of information, which was before scattered over many publications, and proportionably difficult to be consulted. But we must regret that Dr. Hawkins has not weighed the conflicting evidence, and given us the result of his inquiry.

Papers relative to the Disease called Cholera Spasmodica in India, now prevailing in the North of Europe. Printed by Authority of the Lords of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. London, 1831. Winchester & Varnham.

WE have just received the above pamphlet. The Board of Health, it appears, have already submitted to His Majesty's Privy Council, a code of regulations to be adopted in the event of the disease now prevailing in Russia making its appearance in this country; but, from the security which has hitherto been obtained by quarantine, they do not think there is any immediate urgency for making them public. The information here communicated, is purely medical, and is addressed to professional men—but we think the "Preliminary steps advised to be taken on the first appearance

of the disease," cannot be too generally known, and therefore we shall extract them:

"It is of great importance that each town or village, particularly those on the coast, should be prepared with the best-arranged means to meet such a calamity as the breaking out of the disease now raging in the North of Europe, so as to prevent confusion upon the emergency of the moment, and be ready to act upon a well-considered system for preventing the spreading of infection.

"With this view, the Board recommends the formation of a local Board of Health at each place, to consist of the chief magistrate, the clergyman, one or more medical gentlemen, and two or three of the principal inhabitants, who may immediately, and as occasion requires, correspond with the Board of Health in London, the medical members of the local Boards being deputed to write upon all subjects relating to any symptoms of the disease.

"The best means of preventing the spreading of infection are, the immediate separation of the uninfected from the sick, by their prompt removal from the house of any infected person, or by the removal of any individual affected with the disease, if possible, to some house in a dry and airy situation, appropriated to the purpose; but in the event of such removal not being practicable, on account of extreme illness or otherwise, the prevention of all intercourse with the sick, even of the family of the person attacked, must be rigidly observed, unless the individuals who desire to stay shall submit to such strict rules of quarantine as the public safety may demand, and the local Board of Health, advising with the Board of Health in London, may consider expedient.

"As success in the treatment of this disease, and preventing its spreading, has been found greatly to depend upon early medical assistance, it is of great importance that the heads of families and others should be vigilant in guarding against concealment or delay in making known every case which may occur.

"On the removal of diseased persons, the rooms they may have inhabited, and the house generally, should be thoroughly exposed to a constant current of air, and recourse had to all the well-known means of purifying houses, particularly the use of the chloride of lime; and the bedding and clothing of the sick person, after removal, should be soaked in a slight solution of the chloride in water, and well washed. It is impossible that ventilation and cleanliness can be carried too far in the houses of the sick after removal; whitewashing, and a variety of means of effecting so important an object, will no doubt occur to the local Boards of Health; and a continuance of ventilation for some days as the best means of preventing contagion.

"In large towns the local Board of Health should be composed of sufficient numbers to admit of sub-division into district committees, always attaching to each Committee at least one medical gentleman.

"For the information of the public, and to secure a ready and instant reference to authorized persons, the names and residence of the persons composing the local Boards of Health should be placed on the Church door.

"In the event of so great a calamity falling upon this country as the introduction of this disease, rules and regulations upon an extensive scale, suited to the rigid system of quarantine which such an event would demand, will be immediately circulated by the Lords of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, who will, upon the earliest intimation of the existence of the disease, send down a medical practitioner, who has been acquainted with the disease as it occurred in India.

"In the name of the Board,
"HENRY HALFORD, President."

We trust these are only wise precautions, although the necessity for such precaution is not a little alarming. For ourselves, we still feel confident, that, should the disease make its appearance in this country, it never could rage here with the desolating fury it has done among eastern nations†—the food, clothing, personal cleanliness of the people, the abundance of water in our houses and streets, and perhaps the variability of the climate, are our security.

William Tell: a Dramatic Poem: translated from the German of Schiller; by T. C. Bunfield. London, 1831. Black, Young & Young.

THIS volume was received too late to allow us to speak of its literary merits; but the letter that accompanied it from the respectable publishers is of much more importance to notice than the work itself:—

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

Tavistock-street, August 23, 1831.

Sir,—We send you herewith a copy of a translation of Schiller's 'Tell,' and request you to give it such notice as it may deserve. It is the first specimen we have attempted of printing an English book in Germany; and although there is a foreign cast in some of the letters, this may on future occasions be amended. We mention this to show the policy of taking the duty off from the manufacture of paper, and for the purpose of furnishing you with additional argument, when you again touch the question of the discouragement of Literature in this country. In this instance, the cost of the paper is not half the English price, and the printing is less than half.

Your obedient servants,

BLACK, YOUNG & YOUNG.

We are greatly obliged to these gentlemen for bringing the subject before the public; it is one of great importance; we have heretofore expressed our own opinion on it; but an illustrative fact is worth a volume of argument. To this all publishers must come at last, if the present high duties be persevered in. With the oppressive burthen of taxation, and the consequent high rate of wages, publishers have difficulties enough to encounter under any circumstances; but a direct tax on paper will be found equally injurious to the revenue and the public. Our present ministers have promised relief, and we sincerely believe, intend to give it; we only regret that more important duties have occasioned it to be so long delayed. The book is well printed, with a foreign cast indeed, but in good clear type, and on substantial and excellent paper.

Translations of the Oxford Latin Prize Poems. London, 1831. Valpy.

WE can congratulate Mr. Nicholas Lee Torre, if not on his gilding refined gold or painting lilies, at least on his improving the subjects he has touched. The starched staring originals, which looked formerly so helpless in their scanty and pie-bald tunics, assume a very respectable appearance in their English dress. The verses are sonorous and ensy; and if there be at any time a little obscurity in the expression, we willingly concede that Mr. Torre is not to blame. We can only add a wish that some equally well qualified person would undertake the task of rendering the Oxford English Prize Poems into Latin—they could suffer no great loss by the operation; and, from the specimen we have now before us, we are inclined to believe that the offspring of the academic muse will gain almost as much by translation as—a bishop.

Gramatica de la lengua Castellana, segun ahora se habla. Por Don Vicente Salvá. Londres, 1831. G. H. Bohn.

THIS grammar, which is just published, is undoubtedly superior to that of the Spanish Academy, which has hitherto, and not unjustly, been

considered the best. The author, a distinguished member of the last Cortes, is of opinion that a grammar ought to be a collection of rules for speaking and writing correctly, according to the usage of the well-informed, at the time of publication—although he points out those instances in which the language differs from the language of the sixteenth century, generally considered the golden age of Spanish literature. His work cannot fail to be useful, especially to those scholars who are more familiar with the language of books than men. The orthography of the language is also well explained—and it contains a chapter on prosody, not treated of in any former grammar with which we are acquainted.

Improved System of English Grammar, &c. By Robert Connell. Glasgow, 1831. Atkinson & Co.

WE are old-fashioned enough to prefer Murray; but for those who think his Grammar too complex, or too dry, Mr. Connell's is a very good substitute. The parts are simplified with care, and the book is in a small cheap form.

Modern Greek Proverbs. By Alexander Negris. 18mo. Edinburgh, 1831. Clark.

THIS is a curious and interesting collection of the maxims current among the modern Greeks; and it shows the indestructibility of popular literature, for we find that many of these apophthegms are taken from the ancient dramas, and preserved with scarcely the change of a word. The author has arranged them in alphabetical order, and has thus rendered the work less valuable; had these maxims been classed according to their subject, they would have assisted us considerably in forming an estimate of the national character of Mr. Negris's countrymen.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE LAY OF THE 'WHITE SHIP.'

By the Author of 'London in the Olden Time.'

It was as bold a mariner
As ever ploughed the sea,
Who into Beaulere's presence came,
And set him on his knee:
"What wouldst thou now, bold mariner!
What boon wouldst crave of me?"
"No boon, good king! my birthright claim
I ask—no gifts I crave;
I bring to thee a golden mark,
And pray, that o'er the wave
In my own fair barque thou wilt take thy way,
As did thy father brave.

"O fair's the swan on the sunny stream!
O swift's the falcon's flight!
But my gallant barque's more swift than hawk,
Than the silver swan more white:
'Tis the famed 'White Ship,' in which my sire
Thine brought to Senlae's† fight."

"My choice is fixed, good mariner,
I may not sail with thee;
But for the sake of thy father's name,
And thine own tried loyalty,
My fair young son, and his noble feeres,
Shall in her cross the sea."

Right joyfully did the mariner
Dight the famed 'White Ship,' I trow;
And now in the port of Barbeffleur
Shines many a gilded prow;
And the standards float, and the pennons
stream—
'Tis a gay and a goodly show.

† Hastings.

"Wassail, Prince William! welcome here!
Fill, mates, the wine-cup free!
Leave ale and mead to the peasant churl;
But the dwellers of the sea
(So bids the Prince) shall have blood-red wine—
Aye, the best in Normandie."

"Sooth, mariners, nor stint the draught,
For we'll gaily sail to-night,
While the fresh wind blows, and the clear moon
throws
Her shower of silvery light:
Fill, fill again—'tis your Prince that calls,
A health to these ladies bright."

"Look up, Sir Prince, 'tis our lady's star,
Her gentle guidance pray."
"Peace, peace, old priest; our guiding lights
Are yon eyes, whose witching ray
Make sunshine here;"—with a sorrowing sigh,
The old man turned away.

"Break off, Sir Prince; hark! the vesper bell,
With its prayer-commanding chime!"
"Weave, weave the dance, fair dames, while we
With our ringing cups keep time;—
Away, old priest—sooth, crabbed age
Aye flouts at youthful prime."

"Once, ere I go, bold mariner!
The fleet long time hath sailed;
Tempt not the wintry sea to-night,
Though thy courage never quailed—
Yet stay,"—"Fool—priest—where the young
Prince bids
I'll go, though the fiends assailed.

"Up, up, my merry men, o'er the sea
Like a cloth-yard shaft we'll go:
Shall our own 'White Ship,' erst the foremost
one,
Come lagging last? O no!
Unfur! the sails, bold mariners!
Row on, my merry men, row!

"Bend to your oars, aye gallantly,
Straight on—Hark! the deadly crash!
On a sunken rock hath the 'White Ship'
struck,
The wild waves foam and dash:
Down, down she goes with her precious freight—
Down, swift as the lightning flash.

Then those mariners thought on our lady's
star,
Though they heeded not her shine;
Then they wished they had prayed at the vesper
bell,
And they curst the poisonous wine,
And longed for the holy water too,
When choked with salt-sea brine.

There are pearls enow for each mermaid
To braid her snowy brow,
And gems are shedding their useless light
In the caverned depths below;
And mantles, stiff with the red gold, strew
The paths where sea-monsters go.

There were full three hundred knights and
dames,
And youths of high degree,
Went down last eve to that fatal barque;
Now, all beneath the sea
Are whelmed. Aye, all, save one low born
churl—
Fair Prince! that thou'dst been he!

Wail, nobles all! alas, old King!
Thou not alone shalt weep:—
Toll, toll the bells, for the 'White Ship' lies
Full low in the whelming deep;
And the flower and pride of fair England
Lie there in dreamless sleep!

H. L.

August 16, 1831.

† See *Athenæum*, June 25, No. 101.

LITERARY WOMEN. No. II. †

JANE AUSTEN.

IN the slight sketches which will from time to time occupy a page of the *Athenæum*, we shall alternate between the dead and the living, the past time and the present, and thus tincture criticism with biography. Would that the interesting and gifted woman whose name is prefixed to this paper, could be numbered among the living! Would that, instead of closing her works with the saddened feeling, that the source whence so much pure amusement emanated is sealed for ever, we could glance over the list of books "nearly ready for publication," and find another announced by the same author. Miss Austen, however, has been dead fourteen years; and from what has been laid before the public of a biographical nature, (slight as that is,) there seldom appears to have been a more beautiful accordance between an author's life and writings; in fact, in the life and education of Miss Austen, may be discerned many of the causes of the excellencies that mark her works. Her father was a clergyman, a scholar, a man of fine general taste, and for forty years he resided on his living, (Steventon, in Hants,) conscientiously discharging its ministerial duties in his own person. Miss Austen was thus placed from infancy under two influences, calculated to mature female intellect in the happiest manner—rural life, and domestic intercourse at once polished, intellectual, and affectionate. The four years prior to his death were spent at Bath; and after that event, she resided with her mother and sister in the pleasant village of Shawton, Hants; from thence she sent her novels into the world, and there, in May 1817, she died, after a slow insidious decline of many months. She was only forty-two when this event occurred, and though some of her works had been the gradual composition of her previous life, she was upwards of thirty before the first ('Sense and Sensibility') was published. For those who may doubt the possibility of engrafting literary habits on those peculiarly set apart for the female sex, and for those who may doubt how far literary reputation is attainable, without a greater sacrifice to notoriety than they may deem compatible with female happiness and delicacy, it is pleasant to have so triumphant a reference as Miss Austen. Being dead, she may be quoted without impropriety. Placed by Providence in easy and elegant circumstances—endowed preeminently with good sense, and a placid unobtrusive temperament, she passed unscathed through the ordeal of authorship, and, in addition to exciting enthusiastic affection in immediate friends, received the general good-will of all who knew her. This alone is a high tribute to the benevolence of her temper, and the polish of her manners in daily life; for in print, her peculiar forte is delineating folly, selfishness, and absurdity—especially in her own sex. In society, she had too much wit to lay herself open to the charge of being too witty; and discriminated too well to attract notice to her discrimination. She was, we suspect, like one of her own heroines, "incurably gentle," and acted on the principle of another, that "if a woman have the misfortune of knowing anything, she should conceal it as well as she can." Besides this, whilst literature was a delightful occupation, it was not a profession to Miss Austen; she was not irrational enough to despise reputation and profit when they sought her, but she became an authoress entirely from taste and inclination; and as her judgment made her severely critical before she published her works, her unambitious temper was amply satisfied with the attention bestowed upon them by the public.

Unlike that of many writers, Miss Austen's fame has grown fastest since she died; there

was no *éclat* about her first, or second, or third appearance; the public took time to make up its mind; and she, not having staked her hopes of happiness on success or failure, and not being obliged by circumstances to stake something more tangible on these results, could afford to wait for the decision of her claims. Those claims have long been established beyond a question; but the merit of first recognizing them, belongs less to reviewers than to general readers.

The able article in the *Quarterly Review* for 1821, was founded on a posthumous work, when the praise or blame of ten thousand critics were equally unimportant to the author. So retired, so unmarked by literary notoriety, was the life Miss Austen led, that if any likeness was ever taken of her, (and the contrary supposition would seem strange,) none has ever been engraved; and of no woman, whose writings are as numerous and distinguished, is there perhaps so little public beyond the circle of those who knew her when alive—

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye.

With regard to her genius, we must adventure a few remarks. She herself compares her productions to a little bit of ivory two inches wide, worked upon with a brush so fine that little effect is produced after much labour. It is so; her portraits are perfect likenesses, admirably finished, many of them gems, but it is all miniature-painting; and, satisfied with being inimitable in one line, she never essayed canvas and oils—never tried her hand at a majestic daub. Her "two inches of ivory" just describes her preparations for a tale of three volumes. A village—two families connected together—three or four interlopers, out of whom are to spring a little *tracaserie*—a village or a country town, and by means of village and country town visiting and gossiping, a real plot shall thicken, and its "rear of darkness" never be scattered till six pages off *Finis*. The plots are simple in construction, and yet intricate in development;—the main characters, those that the reader feels sure are to love, marry, and make mischief, are introduced in the first or second chapter; the work is all done by half a dozen people; no person, scene, or sentence, is ever introduced needless to the matter in hand—no catastrophes, or discoveries, or surprises of a grand nature are allowed—neither children nor fortunes are lost or found by accident—the mind is never taken off the level surface of life—the reader breakfasts, dines, walks, and gossips, with the various worthies, till a process of transmutation takes place in him, and he absolutely fancies himself one of the company. Yet the winding up of the plot involves a surprise; a few incidents are entangled at the beginning in the most simple and natural manner, and till the close one never feels quite sure how they are to be disentangled. Disentangled, however, they are, and that in a most satisfactory manner. The secret is, Miss Austen was a thorough mistress in the knowledge of human character; how it is acted upon by education and circumstance; and how, when once formed, it shows itself through every hour of every day, and in every speech to every person. Her conversations would be tiresome but for this; and her personages, the fellows to whom may be met in the streets or drank tea with at half an hour's notice, would excite no interest. But in Miss Austen's hands we see into their hearts and hopes, their motives, their struggles within themselves; and a sympathy is induced, which, if extended to daily life and the world at large, would make the reader a more amiable person. We think some of Miss Austen's works deficient in delineations of a high cast of character, in an exalted tone of thought and feeling, a religious bias that can be seen as well as understood; Miss Austen seemed afraid of imparting imagination to her favourites, and conceived good sense the *ultima*

Thule of moral possessions. Good sense is very good, but St. Leon's Marguerite, and Rebecca, and Desdemona, and many other glorious shadows of the brain, possessed something more. However, the author of 'Pride and Prejudice,' &c., limited herself to this every-day world; and to return to the point of view in which her books yield moral benefit, we must think it a reader's own fault who does not close her pages with more charity in his heart towards unpretending, if prosing worth—with a higher estimation of simple kindness and sincere good-will—with a quickened sense of the duty of bearing and forbearing in domestic intercourse, and of the pleasure of adding to the little comforts even of persons who are neither wits nor beauties—who, in a word, does not feel more disposed to be benevolent. Miss Bates and her mother, Mrs. Jennings, old Mrs. Musgrave, all the foils who, with half, or at most three quarters of an idea, are humble in their ignorance and happy in their simplicity—then the fools, who are only too life-like, from Mr. Rushworth and his "forty-two speeches" out of 'Lovers Vows,' to Sir Walter Elliot, who hates the naval profession because it enables plebeians to fight their way to a title, and makes a man mahogany-colour before he is forty—then her worldly selfish people, who are delightful and benevolent everywhere but where it is their first duty, or at every one's expense but their own—Mrs. Elton's pretension, Aunt Norris's second-hand charity, all are inimitable. Characters of another grade, those very troublesome persons to draw, heroes and heroines, have in Miss Austen's pages spirit and reality. The hero is not a suit of fashionable clothes, and a set of fashionable phrases; the heroine is not a ball-dress, a fainting fit, and a volume of poetry; they too are taken from life, and are distinguished one from another. Caroline Morland, artless and sometimes a little awkward; Emma Woodhouse, clever, spoiled, candid, faulty, and yet delightful; Fanny Price, with her meekness and humility, her loving, lovable, and most forgiving temper, her weeping-willow spirit that principle strengthens into decision and self-dependence—none of these are alike, and none appeal to our good graces by virtue of any qualities that sisters and cousins in real life may not and do not possess. We sometimes feel that Miss Austen's works deal rather too largely with the commonplace, petty, and disagreeable side of human nature—that we should enjoy more frequent sketches of the wise and high-hearted—that some of the books are too completely pages out of the world. In the last posthumous tale ('Persuasion') there is a strain of a higher mood; there is still the exquisite delineation of common life, such life as we hear, and see, and make part of, with the addition of a finer, more poetic, yet equally real tone of thought and action in the principals. Miss Austen was sparing in her introduction of nobler characters, for they are scattered sparingly in life, but the books in which she describes them most we like most; they may not amuse so much at the moment, but they interest more deeply and more happily. In many respects Miss Austen resembled Crabbe: she had not his genius for grappling with the passions, and forcing them to pass before the reader in living, suffering, bodily forms—but Crabbe in his lighter moods, unveiling the surface of things, playing with the follies of man, and even dealing seriously with such of his minor faults as all flesh is heir to. Crabbe himself, when not describing the terrible, is scarcely superior to the accomplished subject of this article. Her death has made a chasm in our light literature, the domestic novel with its home-born incidents, its "familiar matter of to-day," its slight array of names and great cognizance of people and things, its confinement to country life, and total oblivion of costume, manners, the

† For No. I. Mrs. Hemans—see *Athenæum*, No. 172.

great world, and "the mirror of fashion." Every species of composition, is, when good, to be admired in its way; but the revival of the domestic novel would make a pleasant interlude to the showy, sketchy, novels of high life. Hampshire (Miss Austen's county) still possesses a female writer richly endowed with some of her predecessor's qualifications for this species of writing, and possessing on her own account a higher faculty of imagination. We allude to Caroline Bowles.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ROME.—No. V.

The Loggia and Stanzas of Raphael, and the Picture Gallery at the Vatican.

THE Loggia, which leads to the Stanzas of Raphael, is on a much less scale than I had imagined; but how perfectly elegant the designs with which it is ornamented, and how admirable their execution! The Stanzas themselves are "inimitable on earth!" The superiority of Raphael over all other painters, is in dignity and expression. Others, not excepting Titian, paint to the eye. Michael Angelo, both in painting and sculpture, embodies passion—he terrifies—he rouses all the dark energies of our nature. Raphael alone, with "pleasing sorcery," allays the demon that is within us: he subdues the mind with love not fear—he awakens hope, or, if "birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," he awakens memory—he gives assurance to the heart, and high thoughts to the mind, by his own pure and spiritual intelligence.

I can understand why Sir Joshua, who afterwards thought so highly of these incomparable works, was disappointed when he first looked on them; and why one ignorant of art, as I am, held them from the first in admiration: I was ignorant, and that explains the mystery. Sir Joshua was himself a painter, and at that time a young painter;—his mind was wholly occupied with the mechanism of his art, in which he had gone to Rome to perfect himself;—his ideas of art were then of something mechanical—labour of the hand to be admired by the eye; and he had probably never thought beyond "palpable form." This low grovelling notion of art is what many painters never get rid of. It is this that makes so many prefer Titian to Raphael;—Titian was possibly the greater painter, but Raphael was by far the greater man. There is, indeed, a power of beauty, of colour, and of reality about Titian, that seems all that art is capable of; but there is a spirituality in Raphael's pictures that is beyond art: the one was of the race of the giants, but the other of the race before the giants.—If it were not folly to talk of preference, when all are so admirable, I should incline to the 'Heliogorus.' The rapid, unrestrained movement of the avenging angels is quite wonderful: they move on as if by the sole energy of the will; and all fly before them as if resistance were impossible. But for composition, grouping, and variety of expression, the School of Athens is perhaps unequalled.

Of the Picture Gallery attached to the Vatican, what was my surprise to find half a dozen beggarly naked rooms, with two or three pictures in each, and that all! But then what pictures! Here, for they are all easel pictures, the whole world may compete with Rome; and yet I doubt if half a dozen equal to the finest could be collected from all

the Galleries in Europe, not excepting the Tribune at Florence. The 'Transfiguration' you know well: I question if, after all, there be any better engraving of it than the old one by Dorigny; but I prefer Pavon's to either of the Morghans'; it is more correctly drawn, and has more force, though Raphael Morghani's is greatly superior in the shadowy indistinctness of the upper half. The 'Coronation of the Madonna' is another admirable picture by Raphael: the devotional feeling of the people, and the dignified purity of the Madonna, were only to be felt, and therefore only to be expressed by him. And yet, after this commendation, I must believe that the 'Madonna di Foligno' is superior to all; and no Venetian painter that ever lived could have exceeded the round, pulpy softness of the flesh of the little angel in the foreground; and none could have equalled the delicacy and sweetness of its expression. The landscape, too, is beautiful.

I really believe Raphael's paintings the finest commentary that was ever written (if the phrase be allowable) on the Bible. If our divines would themselves but study the glorious Cartoons that we have at Hampton Court, they would soon feel the moral influence of painting; and ignorance itself would acknowledge with what effect it might be introduced into our churches. It is mere bigotry and ignorance to talk of idol worship in the nineteenth century. What is the fact?—your Commentaries and "Apologies" are read once—a dull lesson lazily coned over; but pictures like these would be read for ever.

'St. Romualdo's Vision' is the finest picture I have seen by Andrea Sacchi, and one of the few that I could admire. Titian is hardly equal to himself, though the colouring of the flesh of a St. Stephen, in a picture here, seems to me equal, if not superior, to anything in colour, even by Titian.

The well-known 'Communion of St. Jerome,' by Domenichino, is clear and brilliant. The 'Diana' is another fine, though inferior picture, by the same artist; but what was admired as clear and brilliant in the former, is here cold and marbly, and looks like mosaic. If Domenichino had not his fair portion of fame when living, posterity has done him full justice. He was beyond doubt a very fine painter; but I think him very far from being a great man: a distinction I feel more forcibly than ever. His designs, it is true, are simple; but this, though essential to grandeur, is not grandeur itself: his heads, too, have often great expression, but they are not fine expressive heads; his selection was made for form not power; and they are generally fleshy and unintellectual: his drawing is excellent: his best colouring, though cold, is all but perfect: his best pictures almost without a fault—yet they suggest nothing beyond what they express;—he was capable of embodying all he was capable of conceiving; and he falls short of the imaginative and the sublime, not because the powers of his art, but of his mind, were limited. His pictures remind me of Johnson's writing: it is admirable; but, the subject concluded, we close the volume and go to sleep;—whereas, a sentence of Bacon, or a line of Shakspeare, has often speculation in it for a life: it is a clue to which we join our own thoughts, and weave out the subtle-

ties of our own brain: it is mind communicating with mind, without the "restrained conveyance" of language—so are the fine forms and expressions of Raphael, and the deep rich colouring of Titian: they awaken "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," and are remembered for ever; whereas you take leave of the 'Communion of St. Jerome,'—which, however, I agree with his old enemy Lanfranco in believing, to be taken, in its general design—aye, and even more than this—from Carracci, and therefore it is superior to most of his other works,—assured it is one of the finest pictures in the world, and then forget it. Either this may be true, or painting is the only perfect language; but whether it really be true, I leave to the skilful, and merely throw it out as a suggestion.

D. W.

THREATENED PROSECUTION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THE ATHENÆUM.

LATE on the evening preceding our last publication, the following letter was left at our printer's, addressed "Important and Immediate—To the Proprietor and Publisher of the Athenæum":—

4, Red Lion Square, 19th Aug. 1831.

Gentlemen,—The Proprietors and publisher of the forthcoming new work, by Sir Walter Scott, entitled 'Count Robert of Paris,' having read an advertisement in *The Times* newspaper, of this morning, and having observed numerous placards in the public streets, announcing that the *Athenæum* paper of to-morrow "will contain a copious extract from the above unpublished work":—

I am directed by these gentlemen to inform you, that if such Extracts appear in the *Athenæum*, in the manner above stated, it will be considered an infringement of the Copyright of the work in question, and legal proceedings will be immediately taken against the Proprietors and Publishers of that paper.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

BENJ. HOPKINSON.

To the Proprietor and Publisher of the *Athenæum*.

Now, we distinctly state, that, until the receipt of Mr. Hopkinson's letter, a suspicion had never crossed our minds that by extracting from an American Paper we were "infringing the law of copyright;" and we did not persevere in the publication in defiance of the threatened prosecution, but simply because the extract having been announced, its appearance became a question of character; and though startled at the letter, we felt bound rather to pay the penalty for wrong-doing, than break our pledged word to the public. Now, however, that we have had time to consult those "learned in the law," we might, if it were our humour, treat the writer very cavalierly; we have no such intention—Mr. Hopkinson acted, on the spur of the moment, as he thought best for the interest of his clients, and was no doubt ignorant of the fact that the extract had appeared in an American paper—and we extend to him that liberal interpretation of motives with which we desire to be judged ourselves; although, as Red Lion Square is not very wide of Chancery Lane, he might have taken the trouble to make some inquiry on the subject.

We have not heard from him since the publication, and presume he is waiting instructions from Edinburgh: but, as we are informed there is no legal doubt on the subject, we anticipate that we shall hear, within the next four-and-twenty hours, and that the proprietors will not only acquiesce in all wrong-doing, but of all wrong intention: we cannot believe that any man in England will doubt our moral right to republish the extract—the legal right, we are informed, is equally certain; but to that we are comparatively indifferent.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

PUBLIC SITTING OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.
Reward of Virtue in Humble Life. Prizes awarded to Useful Publications.

THE public sitting of the French Academy on the 9th instant, was rendered peculiarly interesting by the announcement of the parties, to whom the Academy had awarded the prizes, arising out of Monthyon's munificent bequest for the recompense of signally-virtuous actions in humble life. The first of them was conferred on Joseph Ignace, a veteran soldier residing at Vich, in the department of the Meurthe, who, it appeared, had been the happy means of saving the lives of no less than *thirty* of his fellow-creatures at various times! The second prize was awarded to Mary Mathieu, who is a servant in an inn at Lyons, and has displayed a degree of attachment towards her superiors for which it would not be an easy task to find a parallel. Her industry, unceasing care, and the sacrifice of a slender patrimony, have proved the means of averting the ruin of an establishment which was the only support of a widow, who was bed-ridden with an incurable disorder, a decrepit old man, and a young child. She wholly maintained these three individuals, and, in defiance of the remonstrances and warnings of the medical attendant, persisted in lying down beside the suffering female, and warming her with the heat of her own body, though she ran the risk of her life at the time, by inhaling her mistress's breath, and coming in contact with her diseased frame! After the invalid had sunk under her malady, she continued to devote her solicitude to the support of her mistress's aged father and destitute child.

Sixteen medals, furnished from the same funds, were assigned to as many humble individuals, in whose cases there could be no motive for the ostentation of virtue, and every one of these were given to women!

Independently of the preceding, the Academy announced the appropriation of three prizes, arising also from Monthyon's bequest, for those three works, produced during the year, which they had deemed most conducive to the amelioration of public morals. The first prize, of 6000 francs (240*l.*), was awarded to Thuot's 'Introduction to the study of Philosophy';—the second, a medal, value 4000 francs (160*l.*), to Monteil's 'Manners of the French in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries';—and the third, a medal, value 2000 francs (80*l.*), to Bouilly's 'Popular Tales.' Out of the same fund, the Academy have resolved upon creating an extraordinary prize of 10,000 francs (400*l.*) to be given for the best tragedy or comedy, of five acts, and in verse, written in French by a native, and produced during the course of the next three years. It must be distinguished not only by a high degree of literary merit, but by its tendency to promote wholesome manners and rational ideas.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC.

A Grammar of the Huron Indian Language, and several papers of much interest, on the geology and topography of various comparatively unknown parts of Canada, will appear in the forthcoming volume of the 'Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.' By the laudable exertions of this Society, much has already been done in that country, which presents so spacious a field for scientific research of every description. A cabinet has been formed of geological and mineralogical specimens exclusively of British America. A series of lectures on these subjects was delivered in the course of last season by a Mr. Finch, which were attended with great success, and are to be followed by a course on Chemistry in the ensuing

winter. The number of members belonging to the Society amounts to 130, and appears to be gradually increasing; and we have little doubt, from the truly united and cordial spirit which pervades this little band of labourers in the cause of science, that much good will result from their exertions. We have already noticed one of their measures—that of establishing meteorological registers in various parts of Canada;—and we are glad to see that a division of country is no barrier to their being instrumental in establishing the same in various parts of the United States. We find that 100*l.* has been granted by the Legislature to this Society, for the current expenses of the year. We cordially wish them success.

FINE ARTS

Portrait of Patrick Gibson, now living in his 111th year. Painted by Luke Macartan; engraved by Thomas Lupton; and dedicated to his Majesty. London, 1831. Moon, Boys & Graves.

AN excellent and well-executed likeness of the veteran sailor. Patrick Gibson, however, is dead at last—and a biographical Memoir accompanies the engraving. It is not without reluctance that we venture to question its accuracy, and to hazard a suspicion that Patrick Gibson's age is much over-rated. The world are always so willing to believe in prodigies, that we are quite sure the old sailor is destined to figure in the next edition of the *Wonderful Magazine*,—as he has already done in the *Literary Gazette*—but when we are told that all the facts in this memoir can be confirmed by reference to the Admiralty Books, the prodigy comes in "a questionable shape," and deserves to be inquired into. Now the first paragraph states, that Patrick Gibson

"Was born in the County of Tipperary, parish of Knockgraffon, Ireland, July 13th, 1720, O.S."

With all becoming deference, we venture to doubt if this can be proved from the Admiralty Books, and yet the year when a man was born is of some importance in proving his age. We are then informed, that

"He was educated as a land-surveyor, in which capacity he practised to the age of thirty-seven; when, hearing of the death of an uncle in America, who possessed property, and died without issue, he left home for the purpose of claiming it; but on his arrival at Waterford was pressed, on the 21st of June, 1757, on board His Majesty's ship the *Alcide*, commanded by Capt. Sir James Douglas."

It is not very usual, we believe, to press landmen or land-surveyors of forty years of age; but we must observe, that unless the land-surveyor was pressed, the whole American story falls to the ground. Now, Patrick Gibson, we believe, entered as a volunteer! Such a proceeding is much more like a boy of 17 than a land-surveyor of 37; and hence there is every probability that the 111 should be reduced to 91—a good old age, but much more within our ordinary experience; it is, in fact, these *twenty years added to the ninety-one* that make the prodigy. It appears, then, that the case of Patrick Gibson is similar to all the cases of *very* old men we ever read of—no baptismal register can be produced—there is a great mystery about the first twenty or thirty years of his life—and all that is brought as circumstantial evidence is erroneous. Once, however, on board the *Alcide*, there ought to have been no further blundering; but this Memoir, which seems to have been compiled from the old man's gossip, is false in every subsequent particular. Gibson, we are told, for his "*bravery and intelligence*" was soon made a purser, and, at the taking of Quebec, on the 13th Sept. 1759, "*in his capacity of purser*, he was appointed to superintend the operations of twenty men belonging to his vessel;" and his "description of the scene was vivid, impressive, and circumstantial, even to the names of the

men who carried the dying hero," and the names are accordingly given, his own among them. All this may be true—Gibson may have recollected the names, but somehow he strangely forgot the rank of the parties. This said "*purser*," raised so suddenly for his "*bravery and intelligence*," who, according to his own account, "*commanded*" twenty men on that memorable day, was then actually serving as an *ordinary seaman*, a rank some shades under an *able seaman*.

As all the other proofs of the great age of Patrick Gibson are mere inferences from these assumed facts, it is not worth while to hunt out for more errors. The Old Sailor would certainly never have been heard of, much less painted, but for his own report of his great age—and we have shown that his own story is absurdly false.

MUSIC

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

THE new lessee, Mr. Monk Maçon, takes possession of the Italian Opera on the 1st of September, and almost immediately afterwards, will depart for the Continent, in order to engage a sufficiency of talent to ensure his success next year, and to give a treat to the public, such as has been unknown in this country for many seasons. Mr. Maçon proposes in many respects to remodel the Opera; and, instead of providing one singer of acknowledged pre-eminence, surrounded by a tribe of inferior performers, he proposes to engage none but those of eminence, and to have every part fully and sufficiently represented. The former practice was highly detrimental to the success of the theatre, and we confidently refer to the season just past, as a proof of our assertion. With the exception of Pasta, amongst the females, who had we? Madame Vesperman, with the name of a very great singer, was a complete failure; Miss Fanny Ayton, once so much admired in Venice and Naples, was scarcely listened to; and Mademoiselle Beck, who sang certainly scientifically and well, could not have been audible at the distance of eight rows from the orchestra—the consequence was, that when Pasta was off the stage, the opera flagged, and the audience yawned. It has been industriously circulated, and much to the prejudice of Mr. Maçon, that he will be unable to collect a sufficiency of talent, as Mr. Laporte has already engaged the most popular vocalists until Easter. This is a very great mistake—in Italy there are many as yet unknown in this country, of much greater pretensions and talent than those we have been accustomed, year after year, to have squeaking in our ears, and who never were brought before the public but to sing an opera which had become, from its ceaseless repetition, so common, that the organ-players annoyed us with it in the streets, and haunted us even in our greatest retirement. For the future, we may expect to hear new and good operas, well performed as to acting, and well executed as to singing.

Another report we noticed last week, "that no one would be allowed to enter the Opera unless in full dress." It is, we believe, the wish of Mr. Maçon to bring us back to the usages of old times, when gentlemen visited the Opera in evening dresses, and not in the shabby manner we have often seen them during the last season. But there is one point on this subject, which we trust is true—that, for the future, no ladies are to be admitted in the pit with bonnets or head-dresses. Of all the annoyances in life, that of being placed behind a portly woman, with a hat large enough for an umbrella, and surmounted with as many plumes as are placed on a horse at a funeral, is the greatest. In vain you expect to see the graceful step of Taglioni; as if purposely to annoy some

unlucky wight, the feathers dangled on each side of the bonnet with the grace and profusion of a weeping willow on the banks of the Thames. It was a nuisance, a positive nuisance; and as Mr. Maçon is determined to sweep away everything under that denomination, the ladies' hats, bonnets, toupees, &c., will for the future be most positively prohibited. Of other nuisances a little more serious than the foregoing, we feel inclined to make one remark. As far as it is possible to prevent the former inundation of barefaced immodesty, the public may rest satisfied that no exertion will be wanting to correct the glaring and disgusting abuse. We have heard that free admissions were given to these unfortunate creatures in the same profusion as they are said to be at certain other theatres; and the pit was the common resort of the most abandoned prostitutes. We, of course, cannot control public opinion, but we may venture to hope that the boxes may not be filled with the very questionable company, which sometimes disgraced the resort of half the beauty and the fashion of the metropolis. To purify all the abuses which have crept into the system, is no easy task; but we are confident of the energy and talent of Mr. Maçon to work the required change; and we look forward with hope that we may again find in the Opera the select society which formerly supported that establishment.

Various changes are to take place in the interior of the theatre. Backs are to be placed to all the pit benches, as well as in the front rows of the gallery.

Most heartily do we wish Mr. Maçon success in his arduous undertaking; he will have to contend against abuses long established, and to change a system which would have led to the utter ruin of the Opera. We perceive that his "Prospectus" is advertised to appear on the 1st of September in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and which will of course give details with which we are at present unacquainted.

The house will be newly painted and ornamented; and we have heard that the middle of the month of January is fixed for the commencement of the season.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Polish Melodies. The Poetry and Music by Jas. Augustine Wade, Esq. Cochran & Co.

THESE melodies are not national. They have been written, it appears, rather in the hope of adoption, than with any idea of being considered as legitimate offspring. Mr. Wade is well known as a very successful song-writer—we have heard that some of his songs have reached a sixtieth edition! and we think the present publication, which is well-timed and well expresses public feeling, is likely to be popular. In the Polish Serenade, which is our favourite, there is a great deal of tenderness and sweetness, though not much novelty; and the words we think worth extracting:—

POLISH SERENADE.

"I come not now with Serenade,
Like those in happy times I've play'd:
My Lute is changed for warrior's blade—
Wake! dearest, wake!
The foe we hate is in our land;
With slaughter red, his savage hand
Is raising high the despot band—
Wake! dearest, wake!

"Thou art of sweet and gentle mould;
But sooner should thy heart be cold,
Than to a ruthless victor sold!
Wake! dearest, wake!
Fear not the fight—we shall be free!
We have a watchword—Liberty!
It came from Heaven—then up with me:
Wake! dearest, wake!"

The lover sang his Serenade—
'Twas answered by the fearless maid:
"I come for battle-field arrayed—
See! dearest, see!"

One hand is thine—the other draws
The sword of Freedom in the cause
That fights for Home and Honour's laws!
See! dearest, see!"

On, on they went to Glory's field:
By turns they were each other's shield;
They fought—they fell—but would not yield!
Rest! Lovers, rest!
Oh! can there be a death so grand,
As when such spirits, hand in hand,
Together die for Native Land!
Rest! Lovers, rest!

Spanish Maidens graceful move: a Ritornello;
sung by Madame Vestris; the poetry by J. Leathwick; the music composed and published by Robert Guylott.

A lively, pleasing trifle in a flat, 2-4 time, beginning precisely the same as one of Stockhausen's Swiss Melodies; but Mr. Guylott says he composed it, and no doubt he thinks he did.

This Rose to calm my brother's cares: 'Bride of Abydos.' 8th edition. Music by J. Nathan. Fentum.

AN eighth edition of anything speaks for itself, and saves us the trouble. It must play well, or it would not pay well. It is worth the money, if only to inspect the extraordinary hieroglyphics by which Mr. Nathan describes his *crescendos* and *diminuendos*.

Tambourgi—Tambourgi: Byron. Music by J. Nathan. Falkner.

THESE words are ill-suited for music: but Mr. Nathan has done the best he could for them.

The Lady-Bird. By J. Nathan. Falkner.

WE are not sufficiently skilled in nursery-lore to know whether or not the first and last stanzas of this song have belonged, from all time, to the middle ones. We know the body of this lady-bird, but not the head and tail. The music is pleasing and clever.

O'er pictured hopes and parted days. John Bird, Esq. Green.

A very pretty song, both as to words and music, the former especially; and as unpretending as it is pretty.

THEATRICALS

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ONE of the best little comedies it has for a long time been our lot to see, out of the lots we have seen, was produced here last Saturday, called 'My Wife or my Place.' The name is a literal translation from the French, 'Ma femme ou ma place,' the rest is evidently free, and not only free, but easy. *Dupeley* (Mr. Farren), a middle-aged place-hunter, and who has already some situation in the Customs in Cornwall, comes up to town, accompanied by his young and accomplished wife (Miss Taylor), to endeavour to *boo* himself into a better. For this purpose, he waits upon *Sir Harry Hairbrain* (Mr. Vining), who forthwith falls in love with his wife, and proposes to make him his secretary. *Alfred* (Mr. Brindal), another diplomatic scapegrace, and a friend of *Sir Harry's*, also commences a series of attacks upon *Mrs. Dupeley*, who, it appears, had some years before been engaged to be married to him. Unfounded jealousy on his part, had broken the match off; and, her union with Mr. *Dupeley* having been evidently a "*marriage de raison*," she vainly strives to conceal an affection for *Alfred*, which has been "scotched not killed." The emotion she betrays is mistaken by *Sir Harry* for a return of his passion,—by *Alfred*, for a certain proof that he shall ultimately succeed; and both continue their persecutions. *Durable*, an old officer in *Sir Harry's* department, has been looking for the secretaryship for a nephew of his, and, in order to get *Dupeley* out of the way, he opens his eyes to *Sir Harry's* proceedings, and makes him jealous. *Mrs. Dupeley* has resolutely determined to resist all temptation, and so completely calms her husband's fears of *Sir Harry*, that his love for his new place returns, and he is strongly inclined to keep it—she, however, who better knows where the real danger lies, will not run the risk of remaining in the society of *Alfred*, and therefore induces Mr. *Dupeley*, after a vehement struggle between losing his wife and his place, to abandon his ambitious prospects, and return to Cornwall. Such is a faint outline of this delightful little piece, which presents a series of capital situations and effects, without the slightest appearance of their being strained after, and which is excellently acted on all hands, especially by Miss Taylor and Mr. Farren. Each new part that this gentleman plays, now convinces us more and more strongly, that he is one of the most finished artists our stage has ever produced. Perhaps, when he is as sure of this as we are, he will feel more confidence in his own individual importance, and cease to refuse parts, in which he might be eminently serviceable to plays, merely because he has not all to himself in them. Various persons have been named as the author of this clever production; but we believe we are right in saying, that the translation was by Mr. Shannon, and that some trifling alterations have been made in it by Mr. Percy Farren.

ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI.

SOMETHING more is due to a piece of so much pretension as 'The Evil Eye' than the hasty notice we gave of it last week. The bills inform us that it is written by "the Author of thirty-five successful pieces"—another, but scarcely a shorter name for Mr. Peake. We remember hearing somewhere of a boy, who, being asked what his name was, replied, "John, Sir; but they call me Jackey, for shortness." This anecdote may now be considered as superseded. That Mr. Peake is the author of thirty-five successful pieces, we can easily believe; and that he may live to be the author of as many more of the same description, we sincerely hope, both for his own sake and that of the public, who are already his debtors, upon a moderate computation, for nearly three millions of hearty laughs. We say this, supposing that each of his thirty-five successful pieces has averaged twenty representations, that each representation has been attended on an average by four hundred persons, and that each person has laughed upon an average ten times. We can scarcely compute the number of laughs he ought to have credit for on account of the share he has had in several of Mr. Mathews's entertainments, and it is, perhaps, as well not to attempt it, for there the unrivalled power of the actor has generally carried laughing to such an excess, that the pleasure has been almost counterbalanced by the pain of the exertion. It would be difficult to make a moderate computation of immoderate laughter.

'The Evil Eye' is founded on a superstition said to be common in the Levant, and certainly not unknown in more informed countries. This superstition is worked up with a story composed of a portion of the cruelties and persecutions inflicted upon the Greeks by the Turks,—the whole of which we too well know to have been sent home to the poor Greeks strictly according to pattern. Advantage is taken of the prevailing superstition by *Macroyeni*, a Greek magistrate under Turkish pay and influence, to work upon the fears of *Helena*, a Greek woman, in order to get her into his power, and revenge himself for

certain "rejected addresses." *Mavroyeni* releases from prison *Barozzi*, an ill-looking hanged-dog, professor of felony "in all its branches," and employs him to masquerade it as the demon for the annoyance of the credulous *Helena*. The persecutions of her by this inhuman human fiend constitute the serious portion of the drama. The different situations are powerfully imagined, and dramatically arranged, and when we have mentioned that Mr. O. Smith personates him of the "evil eye," and Miss Kelly the hapless object of his pursuit, we have said quite enough to prove that ample justice is done to both parts. The comic department is entrusted principally to Mr. Reeve, who was extremely droll in *Zané Kiebab*, the drunken friend of *Helena's* drunken husband *Demetrius* (Mr. J. Bland). It is a pity that an actor who might be so nearly perfect as Mr. Reeve, should ever be imperfect—and that one who is so much at home in all else, should be so much out in the mere school-boy operation of getting his, or rather his author's, words by heart. We wish he would attend to this, for it is really all that he wants; the advice is given in good part, and we give it him here because it is only here that we can do so as we wish, seriously. Were we to be admitted to an audience, and to attempt to say what we write, the moment we looked upon his good-humoured countenance we should no longer be able to keep our own.

A scene ought to be particularly noticed, in which *Helena* receives *Demetrius* on his return from a night of gambling and debauchery, and instead of upbraiding (an excellent lesson, by the bye, for wives in general, who, upon such occasions, seldom behave as well as mothers), seeks to console him for his losses by telling him that a ticket which she had in the French lottery has been drawn a prize—and is informed in return by her horror-stricken husband, that he has purloined and lost that also at play. The acting of Miss Kelly in this scene was admirable, and she was very well supported by Mr. J. Bland, whose good sense and careful attention to his business, ought to earn for him more credit than he generally gets. Miss H. Cawse, Mr. Perkins, and Mr. T. Millar, made the most of their several parts, and the clever little Miss Poole made more than the most of hers. Her acting and dancing song, with the cymbals, was quite extraordinary. No black in his Majesty's service could have surpassed the manual dexterity of this little wight. The scenery is very beautiful, and the music creditable to its composer, Mr. Rodwell.

The Picturesque.

We run great risk of being dull this week—more dull than usual we should say—for we have to speak well of everything. Perhaps we shall not be generally believed when we assert, that it is more congenial to our feelings to praise than to blame—nevertheless, it is strictly true. Like Mr. *Sulky*, we are really "good-natured," though, being critical, we suppose we do not "look so." A new one-act operetta was said and sung here on Thursday evening, called 'The Picturesque,' written by Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly; the music by Mr. Barnett. The plot, if not as pointed as the pen it was written with, is as light as its feather.

Mr. *Daubeney*, an elderly painter, and an enthusiast in his art, has a pretty daughter called *Louisa*; and she has two admirers, *Kit Cadence*, a burlesque writer of songs, and *Lorimer*, a young gentleman, whose occupation does not transpire. The names of the two will at once show which she prefers. *Daubeney* vows that none but an artist shall marry his daughter; and, having withdrawn a large curtain, and shown both the candidates an unfinished sketch of his own, of Mary Queen of Scots and David Rizzio, informs them, that her hand will be given to him who paints the best picture from it. Neither of them can paint, and stratagem

must be had recourse to. *Cadence* writes a song upon the subject, and flatters himself that will do; but his effusion is scouted by *Daubeney*. *Lorimer*, yielding to a suggestion of the maid-servant, is more fortunate. The father is informed that the picture is finished—returns to his study to see it, and when the curtain is again withdrawn, the daughter and her lover are discovered seated in the attitudes of the figures in the picture, and in the costume of the originals. The father is astonished, and vows he could almost believe the figures were alive. *Rizzio* sings a song in character, and then the two figures come out of their frame, and kneel to *Daubeney*, who forgives them for the sake of their ingenuity.

We have but one objection to this, which is, that the pretended deception is kept up too long. No man, certainly no artist, could be deceived by such a trick for more than an instant; but the effect produced is so very pleasing, that we readily waive it. The music is extremely pretty, and does Mr. Barnett much credit. This composer stands next to Mr. Bishop for the successful pains he takes to assist, by his music, the expression of his author's words. Most others, if they can hit upon a catching title, wholly or nearly disregard this. Mr. Millar's first song on Thursday, was one of the most pleasing we have heard for a long time. The words are far above average; and they and the music had ample justice done them by Mr. Millar, who sang with a pure taste and much feeling. We are not an advocate for the *encoring* system, though we know that singers like it as well as composers; but there can be no question that this song would have met with an almost universal *encore* if it had been sung by Mr. Wood, for whom the part and the music were originally written. Is Mr. Wood's voice sweeter than Mr. Millar's?—No. Would he have sung the song with more expression?—No. Better in time?—no; perhaps even not so correctly. Then why is it that one would have been *encored* and the other was not? Because an English audience seldom think for themselves in matters of this sort: they wait to be told: they wait till something has made either the song or the man talked about—until they understand that, they will not commit themselves, by giving an honest expression to the pleasure they have felt; and at present, as far as they know, "The Tenth don't *encore* Mr. Millar."

Mr. Reeve was very amusing, and, we are willing to believe, quite perfect, in *Kit Cadence*. Mrs. Keeley had another little part—too little, indeed, to contain her talent—which forced itself out of it in every direction. If she would avoid such parts in future, she should leave off making so much out of nothing.

MISCELLANEA

Cemeteries.—We have more than once called the attention of our readers to the proposed establishment of one or more Public Cemeteries, somewhere in the outskirts of this overgrown city. The necessity for such places, is becoming every day more urgent. It is well known, that in Italy, where they commonly bury in the churches, many churches are obliged to be altogether closed during the summer months, in consequence of the putrid exhalations from the vaults beneath. Our churches and churchyards are only in degree less offensive and dangerous. It is therefore with great pleasure that we hear that the General Cemetery Company have purchased a large tract of ground, for the purpose of public burial—and are proceeding with spirit, and every probability even of pecuniary success. Those, however, who desire to embark in the speculation, either from principle or profit, must lose no time, as the books of the Company will close on the 1st of September.

The late Mr. Huskisson.—A tablet of white marble, bearing the following inscription, has been erected at Parkside, near Newton:

THIS TABLET,

A tribute of personal respect and affection, has been placed here, to mark the spot where, on the 15th day of September 1830, (the day of the opening of this railway.)

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM HUSKISSON, M.P., singled out by the decree of an inscrutable Providence from the midst of the distinguished multitude that surrounded him, in the full pride of his talents and the perfection of his usefulness, met with the accident that occasioned his death; which deprived England of an illustrious statesman, and Liverpool of its most honoured representative; which changed a moment of the noblest exultation and triumph that science and genius had ever achieved, into one of desolation and mourning, and striking terror into the hearts of assembled thousands, brought home to every bosom the forgotten truth, that "In the midst of life we are in death."

Telegraphs.—A succession of experiments has just been made at Sannois, about eight miles from Paris, to ascertain the merits of a new telegraphic invention for night service, which is effected by the use of lanterns of stained glass. The experiments established the practical merit of the invention. During the night of Saturday last, it was intended further to try the adaptability of fuses, and a telegraphic machine of an entirely novel construction, having a similar object in view.

The New Island.—It has been mentioned in the papers, that an island was suddenly formed in the Mediterranean on the 8th of July. This new island lies at a distance of five and twenty miles from *Sciacca* or *Xacca*, a large sea-port on the south-west coast of Sicily. It is likewise twenty-nine miles distant from the Island of *Pentelleria*, and has been thrown up on the very site of what is termed 'La Secca del Corallo,' or, 'Sunken reef of Coral.' As any descent upon it has hitherto been impracticable, and several portions of its edge have been washed away, it has not been possible as yet to ascertain its length or breadth.

Remarkable Coincidence.—The anniversary of American independence has again been distinguished by the death of one who had presided over the destinies of that country. James Monroe, who died on the 6th of July, is the third out of four of American presidents deceased, who has finished his career on that glorious day.

Canova's statue of General Washington, which adorned the capitol of Raleigh, in North Carolina, is now lost to the world, having been accidentally destroyed by fire.

Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia' is about to be published at Paris with a French translation opposite the Latin text, in six livraisons, the first to appear the 1st of September.

The French have been the first to take as a subject for dramatic representation the *Man with the Iron Mask*. It has been brought out at the Odéon, with complete success, and will no doubt make its appearance in due time on our own stage. The authors have followed Voltaire's version, which has been since corroborated by the Duke of Bassano from the authority of official documents.

A Mermaid Caught.—A very peculiar fish was caught in the Sound yesterday, (Friday,) having a near resemblance to the description given of the fabulous mermaid. It was caught while in a state of torpor, floating on the surface of the water. One man secured it by the fin, while another struck it with a gaff. It lived for upwards of an hour after it was taken on shore, and was exhibited to the curious at a penny each.—*Plymouth Herald*.

Olney Bridge.—It appears that Olney Bridge, which is immortalized in Cowper's 'Task,' is, nevertheless, doomed to destruction. Its "wearisome but needful length" is about to be removed, and a new and handsome structure substituted.—*County Press*.

Improvement in the River Richelieu.—The sum of 4000*l.* has been ordered to be appropriated for the completion of the improvements commenced on the river Richelieu in Canada.

Steam-boats in Rivers.—Captain Basil Hall, in a letter to the Editor of the *United Service Journal*, states, that, in his opinion, many of the accidents which are constantly caused by steam-boats running over wherries might be avoided. In America he observes, in all the steam-boats the helmsman, instead of being placed abaft, close to the taffrail, in a low situation, from which he can see nothing, is raised on a high platform, within a few feet of the bows, from whence he commands a view, not only a-head and on both sides, but he can see the smallest bonts, even when close to the vessel's cutwater. The same simple device, he adds, might be introduced into every one of our steam-boats at the expense of half an hour's work for a couple of seamen, and half a day's work for two or three carpenters. All that is requisite is, to have a small platform or scaffold, 8 feet square, raised about 10 feet or 12 feet above the deck, at the distance of 10 or 12 feet from the stem. On this let the wheel be placed, and let the tiller ropes, after passing round the barrel, be led through blocks in the deck beneath, and again through blocks or sheave-bones on the bulwark, low down. The ropes then stretch along outside, and are supported on fair leaders or rollers till they reach blocks above the counter, and being drove through these, they are made fast to the end of the tiller, which it is best to shift abaft the rudder, so as to keep the poop or quarter-deck quite clear for the passengers, and to prevent the possibility of anything coming in the way of the tiller. It is well to have those parts of the tiller ropes which cross the fore part of the deck enclosed in what is called a trunk, or wooden pipe, to prevent injury from the feet of persons passing to and fro, or interruption from things lying about the decks. It might at first be supposed, that the great additional length of the tiller ropes, and the distance of the wheel from the rudder, might make it difficult to steer the vessel. Such, however, is not the fact, as I can testify from having myself steered many steam-boats in America, of from three to four hundred tons burden, and with perfect ease.—For sea-going steam-boats this method of steering is not so necessary, nor would it be quite so easy of adoption. But all steam-boats which perform part of their voyage at sea and part on rivers, such as the Edinburgh and Leith vessels, might very readily be fitted with two wheels and two sets of tiller ropes; one abaft, as at present, to be used at sea; the other elevated on a platform, to be brought into play on entering the river.

Steam Navigation.—H. M. steamer *Echo* sailed on Monday to join the squadron under the command of Sir E. Codrington. The *Echo* is the vessel which has been fitted with cylindrical boilers and serpentine tubes, by which four great objects are obtained—increased safety, considerable space, a great saving of fuel, and an accession of power. The safety of the vessel is increased by the greater strength of the cylindrical than the square boilers; space is obtained by the new being much smaller than the old boilers; the consumption of fuel is lessened very considerably, we believe to the extent of about one-third; and an accession of power is obtained by being enabled to work the engine at its greatest power without fear of injury to the boilers, which will bear 60 or 70 lbs. on the square inch. The *Echo* made her passage from hence to Plymouth in four hours and forty minutes, drawing twelve feet water, quite a calm, to the perfect satisfaction of all on board. The engines worked at their full speed, at the same time expanding the steam more than one-half the stroke.—*Falmouth Packet.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS

The rather unexpected arrival of the *Memoirs of Lavallette* compels us to defer our further extracts from the *Garrick Papers*.

T. should be cautious; we refer him to our notice last week respecting anonymous letters. If it were our cue, we could help the inquiry.

We must request all correspondents, public and private, to excuse us this week; we have a pile of letters that twelve hours labour would not dispatch.

C. W. Thanks—next week.

We request that our old subscribers will complete their sets as early as possible; and as it does not appear to be generally known among them, we think it well to add, that the *previous numbers are all reduced in price to fourpence*. A monthly part, of four numbers, equal to two common octavo volumes, now costs only sixteenpence; and the demand for these, consequent on the great increase of our subscribers, will make it impossible for us to supply single papers after a few days.—The Part for August is now ready.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—A *Conspectus of Butterflies and Moths*, by J. Rennie, A.M. Professor of Natural History, King's College.—Mr. Rennie has also in a state of forwardness a translation of Le Vaillant's magnificent works, 'The Birds of Africa,' 'The Birds of Paradise,' and 'The Parrots.'

Just subscribed.—*Memoirs of Count Lavallette*, Written by Himself, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*—*Johnson's Prayers*, &c., 32mo. 1*s.*; silk, 2*s.*—*Talbot's Reflections*, &c., royal 23mo. 1*s.*; silk, 2*s.*—*Bible Letters*, by Lucy Barton, 3*s.*—*Johnson's Shooter's Companion*, 3rd edit. 12mo., 9*s.*—*Burns's Songs*, new edit., 2*s.*—*The Comic Minstrel*, new edit. 2*s.*—*Winckworth on the Teeth and Gums*, 4to. 10*s.*—*Scenes in Scotland*, 4*s.* 6*d.*; hf. bd. 5*s.*—*Cooke on the Indigestive Organs*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7*s.*—*Dr. Thompson's System of Inorganic Chemistry*, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*—*The Preacher*, Vol. 2, 7*s.* 6*d.*—*Whittingham's Pocket Novelist*, Vols. 38 & 39, 7*s.*—*Lee's Celsus*, Latin and English, 13*s.*—*Dibdin's Sunday Library*, Vol. 5, 5*s.*—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. 22, 6*s.*—*Bright's Medical Reports*, Vol. 2, in Two Parts, royal 4to. 9*s.*—*Companion's Practice of King's Bench*, 12mo. 2nd edit. 9*s.*—*Brown on the Horse*, 2nd edit. 10*s.* 6*d.*—*Johnson's Sportsman's Directory*, 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—*The Entire Works of the Rev. Robert Hall*, Vol. 3, 12*s.*—*Chitty's Practice*, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, 12mo. 12*s.*—*Major Ricketts's Narrative of the Ashantee War*, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

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Ladies will find Prince's Russia Oil preferable to any other article for dressing their own or false hair, as it gives it a natural gloss, softens, and curls it; and they ought to be particular in not using any perfumed Oils for their hair, being injurious, which is well known to the French, who used to be so partial to perfumed Oils for the hair, that many found themselves grey before thirty, so that now more is exported to this and other Countries than is used in France.

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Veterinary Medicine and Surgery, Mr. Youatt.....	Fee for Session 5 0

These fees, where they exceed 4s., may be paid in two divisions, viz. in October and January.

Particulars of these Courses may be had at the University; at Mr. Taylor's, 30, Upper Gower-street; and all Medical Book-sellers.

* Dr. Quain and Mr. Cooper have consented to accept their appointments, subject to the decision of the Proprietors on the 3rd of September concerning Professor Pattison's appeal.

By order of the Council. THOMAS COATES.

24th August, 1851.

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The Lectures on Surgery will be continued in one Course, from October to the middle of May. Upon each of the other subjects which have been enumerated, two Courses will be delivered during the same period. The first Course of Lectures will begin on Monday the 10th of October; the second on the 24th of January.

By order of the Council. W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.

2, Parliament-street, August 1851.

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